

# CHRISTIAN HERALD



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GOD GUIDES MY PEN

*By Vaughn*

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**T**here must be a reason

## For BOB JONES COLLEGE

*A series of advertisements has suggested that there must be a reason why Bob Jones College:*

Under war conditions had an increased enrollment last year of more than twenty per cent!

Dormitory students came an average distance of 760 miles to attend this institution last year!

Attracts such a large percentage of talented students!

Graduates manifest poise, culture, and leadership in whatever business or profession they are found!

In 1943 had on its campus ten more buildings than in 1933!

Students have the reputation of being the "happiest young people in the world"!

Students recognize and choose the best!

## THERE MUST BE A REASON FOR THE INSTITUTION ITSELF

No college without individuality has a right to exist. Bob Jones College has been called America's most unusual institution.

CO-EDUCATIONAL

ORTHODOX

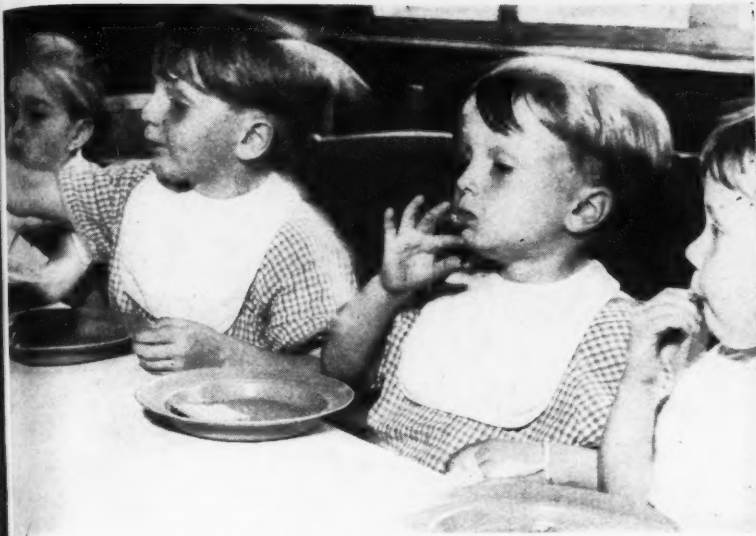
INTERDENOMINATIONAL

CHRISTIAN

High School—Liberal Arts College—Graduate Schools of Religion and Fine Arts

**FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 7**

For information address Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., Bob Jones College  
Cleveland, Tennessee



David and his twin brother have good appetites



Queen Elizabeth raised the money to build the nursery, we want to support as many children as you will let us

## WE WANT TO SHARE

**M**ONT LAWN is making this appeal to you in behalf of child evacuees. We want to share with David—he has no home, his father is a prisoner of war and his mother is in the hospital. There's a twin brother and a little sister.

We want to share with Margarette, her father was lost when the good ship Hood went down. Her mother works in the dockyard at Portsmouth, England.

We want to share with the children of England who haven't a home for they have been bombed out of them.

When Dr. Poling was in England a short while ago he visited a nursery

home for children up to five. Queen Elizabeth had raised the money to build it. Far from bombs and surrounded by pasture land, orchards and gardens, it was a place of peace and security. The mother of the home was the wife of a Polish soldier—her child lived with her in the nursery. She gave a spiritual quality to the place that touched the lives of all who lived there.

Sorrow had come close to Dr. Poling—his son had given his life so that the children of America could be saved the fate of these little child evacuees. He thought of the children we send to Mont Lawn each summer

and how much it meant to take them from the city's heat and their crowded tenement homes. He was grateful that war had not interrupted these vacations; that bombs had not made child evacuees in America.

We want to express our gratitude by sharing our good fortune with the children of our ally, England. And at the suggestion of overseas friends we can do this in the memory of CLARK POLING. The nursery we want to help support will carry a memorial tablet which will say:

### THE CHAPLAIN

#### CLARK V. POLING NURSERY

It costs \$25 a month to pay for everything it takes to make a home for a child evacuee—we will give all or half of every penny contributed through this page to this memorial nursery.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are still 200 children who have been invited to spend the rest of the summer at Mont Lawn—these children have waited all through the hot days and nights looking forward to the days they would spend in the country, under the great trees and in the swimming pools. We do not want to disappoint one child. We invited them knowing you would not fail them. May we tell them all to come?

When you send us your contribution to Mont Lawn remember that we are going to share it with child evacuees—double your usual amount, if you can. No amount is too small.



"BE MERCIFUL AFTER THY POWER, IF THOU HAST MUCH, GIVE PLENTEOUSLY; IF THOU HAST LITTLE, DO THY DILIGENCE GLADLY TO GIVE OF THAT LITTLE FOR SO GATHEREST THOU THYSELF A GOOD REWARD IN THE DAY OF NECESSITY."

Tobit IV, 8/9

Christian Herald Children's Home

419 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is our contribution to Mont Lawn.

Please give  $\frac{all}{2}$  to the CHAPLAIN CLARK V.

POLING NURSERY—but do not disappoint any of our own children.

Name.....

Address.....

Children's hands across the sea



Picture from Orendra

## A PRAYER FOR LABOR

*By James Myers*

**O** GOD, Thou art Thyself the great Creator, the Master Workman. Hast Thou not also revealed Thyself to us in Jesus the carpenter, whose roughened hands bear eternal testimony to the dignity of toil?

We sense Thy presence in the upward surge of the masses, who with the awakened self-respect of children of God have through the centuries cast off the shackles of slavery and serfdom, and stand now gazing toward the dawn of a greater freedom.

We praise Thee for those brave spirits who have led the way; who have dared to risk even their children's bread in organized endeavor to improve the lot of all; who for their unselfish devotion have been condemned as outcasts of society; endured prison; sacrificed their lives as martyrs to the cause.

Help Thou the labor movement of our day to be worthy of its heritage. Unite in high purpose the workers in the factory and on the farm. Preserve them from temptation to selfish complacency in partial gains for any favored craft or race or nation. Guard their leaders from lust for personal power.

Guide them in the service of the common good.

Help the workers of all lands to stand shoulder to shoulder for justice and peace among the nations. Save them from the sin of selfish nationalism. Give them a wider vision of world government with justice and liberty for all.

Grant to labor the wisdom to seek a world of peace and plenty by means of organization and the ballot, keeping their movement free from hate and violence, building into the cooperative commonwealth those spiritual values which alone can make it endure.

Bring, at last, all workers into world-wide brotherhood, into closer fellowship with Thee, O God, the Father of us all. Amen.





## "That's my pastor, Bill."

In far corners of the earth boys from our churches, members of the armed forces, welcome news of home and church and Sunday school. They welcome also the special literature provided by the church and its official publishing house to help them find spiritual comfort.

Many of these Christian boys have become missionaries among their buddies. They know—and have—what it takes to win the war; and they also know, better than we, that only Christian teaching

can win that just and durable peace.

As we work together, church and publishing house, to minister to our boys in the service, let us cooperate more effectively to teach Christ's way here at home and thus to lay the groundwork for a lasting peace.

Teamwork will do it: each local church and its official publishing house united in service, conserving their resources and energizing their message through the use of the approved teaching materials.



This is a cooperative message from  
**THIRTY OFFICIAL CHURCH PUBLISHING HOUSES**  
 in the interest of all-out Christian teaching.

Write to the Official Protestant Publishers Group, P. O. Box 67, Chicago 90, Illinois,  
 for a copy of the free booklet, "Progress through Cooperation."

SEPTEMBER, 1943

Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING  
Editor FRANK S. MEAD

# CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—A Prayer for Labor	By James Myers	2
DOCTOR POLING ANSWERS		4
NEWS DIGEST	By Gabriel Courier	6
EDITORIAL	By Daniel A. Poling	12
THE BETRAYED GENERATION	By J. Edgar Hoover	13
GOD GUIDES MY PEN	By Vaughn Shoemaker	15
LET THE MASTER MAKE THE PEACE	By O. K. Armstrong	18
CARRY ON, O'BRIAN, A Story	By Sabella Toemmes	20
THEY SPEAK FOR TEMPERANCE, VII	By Charles P. Taft	23
WANTED: NEW WATCHERS	By Dorothy Canfield Fisher	24
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR BIBLE? A Quiz		25
ALASKA—LAND OF PROMISE	By Albert Linn Lawson	26
LIFE'S MOST DANGEROUS AGE, A Sermon	By Ralph W. Sockman	28
IF STARS WERE LOAVES, A Story —Part Three	By Anne Tedlock Brooks	30
THEY CONQUER WITHOUT ARMS	By William L. Stidger	33
DISCIPLES, 1943, V—John Yost	By Ross M. Holman	36
DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR	By Archer Wallace	37
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER	By Amos John Traver	40
CRACKERS ARE PLENTIFUL	By Esther Foley	42
STRAIGHT TALK	By Frank S. Mead	48
NEW BOOKS TO READ, Book Reviews	By Daniel A. Poling	56
AFTER ALL! Humor		64
COVER DESIGN		

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**OUR PLATFORM** Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like world.



# DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

*Is it true that the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is not an evangelical body? I have read direct charges that it is a Communist group, that it denies the Virgin Birth, the inspiration of the Bible, the Divinity of our Lord, and the regeneration of the individual. What are the facts?*

Answer:

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is a profoundly evangelical body. Recently, the Protestant Episcopal Church of North America and the Southern Presbyterian Church joined its membership. It is not now and never has been either a Communist group or sympathetic with Communism. The charges described by the person asking this question are untrue and unsupported by the facts. The Federal Council does not deny the Virgin Birth, the inspiration of the Bible, the Divinity of our Lord, the regeneration of the individual. On the other hand, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America supports every cardinal tenet of the Christian faith and is the servant, officially designated, of the great evangelical bodies that constitute its membership. The attacks referred to are untrue and unworthy.

Question:

*I have been told that our government has to pay all the Axis prisoners the same wages that they pay our own soldier boys. Is that true?*

Answer:

It is not true. An allotment of eighty cents a day is made to non-commissioned men if they work. Lieutenants receive an allowance of \$20.00 a month, captains \$30.00 and those with the rank of major and above receive \$40.00. Officers cannot be compelled to work, but non-commissioned men can. These payments are in accordance with the Geneva agreement.

Question:

*I have a son in North Africa. With all my heart I want his return in safety, alive and unwounded. Is it right for me to ask this of God?*

Answer:

I do not feel that I have the "right" to demand of God the return of my son or any other father's boy; only in God's will as of the Heavenly Father's infinite intelligence and knowledge may I ask for his return. Perhaps this is the prayer I should pray: "May he be kept physically strong and morally fit. May he have courage. May he do his duty and if it be Thy will, may he come back to me."

Question:

*I have tried to find what Lincoln is reported to have said in favor of the competitive or capitalistic system. I wonder if he said it! Can you please tell me?*

Answer:

Yes, he said it and here it is: "Prosperity is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise . . . Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence . . . I take it that it is best for all to leave each man free to acquire property . . . Some will get wealthy, but I don't believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich; it would do more harm than good."

Question:

*How can I continue to love my husband, who has violated his marriage vows, or my son, who has shattered completely my faith? Is it possible for love to continue under such circumstances?*

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Answer:

Love is the greatest thing in the world. Love is greater than faith. Even when faith is shattered and when vows are broken, love goes on. A very wise man once said, "We love those who are worthy with a love that makes us glad; but we love those who betray and mock us with a love that makes us sad." This is the love that has in it the redemptive quality that was in the passion of Jesus Christ Himself. Love may not, must not, condone the evil; but it does survive all evil. It does forgive and redeem.

Question:

I live in a community with a population of seven hundred people, which has one municipal liquor store, three places where 3.2 beer is sold, and eight churches—the eighth has just moved in. We have a Civic Morals Association, also a county organization against indecency, but nothing much gets done. Why?

Answer:

The answer to this question is not hard to find. Accompanying it was a clipping from the local paper in which the boast is made: "We now have eight churches, a distinction that we doubt can be duplicated by any other town of its size." Such a division of energy is a detriment to Christian unity and action. No wonder leagues for decency and campaigns against the liquor traffic fail! Here is negation at its worst. Hang over it a picture of the weeping Christ.

Question:

I have read that more sons of ministers appear in "Who's Who" than sons of any other professional men. Is this true?

Answer:

I have heard the same statement, and I believe it to be true. President Pat M. Neff, of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, has said something even more significant: "All but eight of those who signed the Declaration of Independence came out of denominational colleges. Today only one-third of college graduates come out of denominational schools. But seventy percent of all college graduates in 'Who's Who in America' came from denominational institutions."

Question:

We have \$100 in our treasury and have planned to do some remodeling on the church building. Some feel that now is not the time for this, but that we should use the funds to help the needy and in meeting other war needs. What do you think?

Answer:

Unless the remodeling is necessary to protect the property or to provide for increased activities, I agree with those who would first finance those other imperative projects.

# New American \*all-wood furniture

## NEW FOLDING AND ASSEMBLY CHAIRS AND UNIVERSAL TABLES



Ample seating and table facilities are wartime necessities for the church that leads and guides the community patriotic and humanitarian activities.

In addition to the needs of normal year-in-year-out Sunday School and other church activities, these troubled days are doubtless placing heavy demands upon your church furniture. Equipment that may have been adequate during peacetime suddenly is insufficient.

May we suggest a happy solution to this perplexing problem?

American \*All-Wood Folding Chairs and Universal Tables are admirably adapted to such service as recreation halls, studies, libraries, assembly halls, open-air events, socials, suppers, for virtually every church use requiring auxiliary seating.

The No. 674 and the No. 613

\*Except joining hardware

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS



674 Folding  
Chair



613 Assembly  
Chairs



Universal Table

chairs are durable, comfortable and attractive. No. 674 is appropriate and practical for use with the handsome and versatile Universal Tables, which are available in four topsizes and five heights.

All are reasonably priced in relation to quality and many superior features.

These items are available for immediate delivery without priorities.

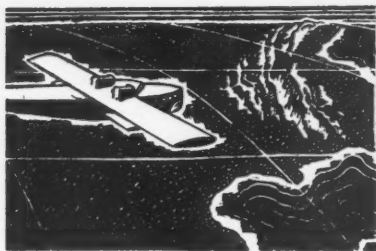


# American Seating Company

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WORLD'S LEADER IN PUBLIC SEATING

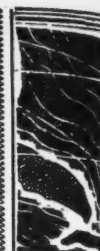
Manufacturers of Theatre, Auditorium, School, Church, Transportation and Stadium Seating  
Branch Offices and Distributors in Principal Cities



# NEWS DIGEST

## *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

### AT HOME

**OUT:** The Wallace-Jones battle is over; the two antagonists have had their tents folded for them, and silently (?) sent hence. But these two men are the least important items in the picture. Men come and go, in Washington; they expect that.

There are other angles than the personal which are signs for the future. One is that the dismissal of both Wallace and Jones serves notice on the under-officials of Capitol Hill to stop their squabbling and get busy with the war. It's a case of the White House saying, "Get together, boys, or get out!" It is good. Very good. Here is a hint of the old order and authority shown by the President in his First Hundred Days in office.

Sign two is seen in the return of Mr. Wallace to the humdrum of the Vice Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt had lifted the Vice President out of the historic monotony and drudgery that has surrounded the office since John Adams; now—well, now what? Is it to be a return to the old Vice Presidency? Is the second in command to be "pigeonholed," as the politicians once tried to pigeon-hole a man named Theodore Roosevelt?

Sign three points straight at the elimination of Mr. Wallace as a presidential possibility in 1944. Mr. Roosevelt had to use all his personal power to put Wallace across in the last Democratic Convention; now that the Vice President has been unceremoniously dumped overboard, he will probably not be able to get aboard again by '44. At least that's what they say in Washington.

**RUMOR:** Rumor does more harm than this world dreams of. Rumor had too much to do with the recent race riots in Detroit. Rumor almost started other riots elsewhere.

In Washington, a mass meeting of Negroes was scheduled to discuss the employment of Negroes by bus and trolley lines; it was to be a peaceable, law-abiding assembly in every way. Then came the rumors! Somebody whispered that the Negroes plotted to rob all the banks in town; that they planned a full-fledged

invasion of Washington; that 800 thugs were being imported from New York; that the Negroes had bought up all the knives and ice-picks in town; that busses and street-cars had already been overturned in the streets. Worst of all was the shout of Congressman Rankin on the floor of the House, warning that everyone knew a riot was to break in Washington.

In heaven's name, isn't it time we opened our minds on this race question, and shut our mouths? There's a war going on, and we need all the fighting energy we have to win it, without starting another here at home. It might be a good move to jail the rumor-monger with the enemy agent. Which is which?

**TURNOVER:** Congress gets a face-lifting—or dropping—at nearly every Congressional election. Out of 435 members of Congress who were in Washington when F.D.R. first came to town as President, only 113 are there now! This is a casualty rate of 74 percent. And of the 113 still there, five lost out in the 1932 Roosevelt landslide, but were to be returned later. Thirty-three of the 113 are from the South.

This is something most American voters miss: the election of Congressmen is every bit as important as the election of the Chief Executive. Herbert Hoover had an antagonistic Congress—so a lot of his effort was wasted. So was it with Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Roosevelt accomplished most when he had a sympathetic Democratic Congress at his call; he is accomplishing less as Congress shifts toward Republican control.

So don't stay away from the polls just because it is a case of "only a few Congressmen running this year." Those Congressmen make your laws!

**ERROR?** One of the most violent demands for retraction that has ever reached this editor comes from Congressman Thomas A. Jenkins of Ironton, Ohio, who demands immediate retraction of a statement attributed to him in the item headed "Greed," page 6, June CHRISTIAN HERALD.

In that item we reported Mr. Jenkins as saying, on the floor of the House: "Here's what I'm tired of: all this talk about fellowship and goodwill and you fellows circumnavigating the globe. It all costs a lot of money. What do we get out of it?"

*The New York Times* (April 14, 1943, page 7, column 2) reported Mr. Jenkins as saying before the Ways and Means Committee: "Here's what I'm tired of: all this talk about fellowship and goodwill and you fellows all circumnavigating the globe. It all costs a lot of money. What do we get out of it?"

*Time Magazine* (April 26, 1943, Page 17) reported Mr. Jenkins as saying before the Ways and Means Committee: "Here's what I'm tired of: all this talk about fellowship and goodwill and you fellows circumnavigating the globe. It all costs a lot of money. What do we get out of it?"

Our error seems to be in saying that Mr. Jenkins uttered these words on the floor of the House, rather than before the Ways and Means Committee. That is error; we correct it here. But Mr. Jenkins has not yet called for retraction of the statement from the editors of either *Time* or *The Times*.

If apology is due anyone for misstatement in these columns, we give it gladly. Being human, we err—often. But—is this serious enough to call for retraction, or is it a tempest in a teapot? What do the readers think?

**COURIER'S CUES:** Sept. 15-Oct. 15 has been designated as the period for mailing parcel post Christmas gifts to Army personnel overseas; gifts to Navy men should be mailed Sept. 15-Nov. 1. . . . Allied strategy now is to close Brenner Pass, then shuttle-bomb German cities from England to Italy. . . . There are enough troops now in England for large-scale invasion across the Channel. . . . Law to tell people where to work will probably be pushed; Congress will probably not pass it. . . . Gasoline rationing will be tighter, shoe rationing be eased, fuel oil be about same as last year

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 6

... The coal-burning consumers may have a harder time of it this winter than the oil-burners had last year ... Look for less meat, less canned vegetables, less canned fruits on the market ... Reconvening Congress will go after 12 billions more in taxes ... New paper cuts are ahead, which worries CHRISTIAN HERALD and all other magazines.

**MACHINE:** Some fine day, someone will write a *Pigs Is Pigs* with the Federal Government as the "hero" in place of Ellis Parker Butler's immortal station-master. Jobs on the Federal payroll increase a la Parker's pigs.

For instance—Government employees at the height of World War I numbered some 917,760. Last April, there were 3,008,519. So says Senator Byrd of Virginia. The War Department alone, he says, exceeds the whole number employed by the Government in the last war.

Today, says the Senator, there is one civilian employed to every two-and-a-half soldiers. There is one civilian employee in the government for every 45 of our population. And when you include the employees of our county, municipal and State governments, we have right now one civilian employee to every 25 of our population.

That, good reader, is quite a machine!

**SHIP:** Down to the sea has gone the good Liberty Ship *Janet Lord Roper*. And with her sails a great tale.

Janet Lord Roper was for 28 years head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York; she was known and loved by seamen around the globe as "Mother" Roper. She located 6,500 missing sailors and restored many of them to their relatives. At her funeral in the Institute's chapel more than a thousand weather-beaten seamen stood at attention and in tears, in company with admirals and bishops.

And now her name is on a bow, cutting the seas in the fight for liberty. It is a brave, good name, and we pray no sub shall ever catch this ship. If a sub does catch her, we wonder what will be the thoughts of some German sailor who has been loved by Mother Roper when he sees that name on the bow, and sends the torpedo straight at it!

**REVEILLE:** There is, believe it or not, fun in every war. There is always a new jesting vernacular brought back from battle by men who insist upon laughter in the jaws of hell.

This week we read of the renaming of a troopship while en route. What the original name of that ship was, we'll never know; but half way across the sea the officers and men aboard dubbed her the "Smelly Nelly."

Just to make the foolishness complete, the bugler took a hand. On the sixth



Summers in the Buffalo Evening News

LAY OFF THAT OUIJA BOARD!

morning out he traded his bugle for a cornet and really threw himself into his work. From then on, the ship's population was awakened at reveille not with the traditional "I Can't Get 'Em Up," but with first verse and chorus of that newer, more amazing melody entitled "I Had The Craziest Dream."

Too bad we have to waste such a sense of humor in a war!

## ABROAD

**ITALY:** The Allied arrow has found the Achilles' heel of the Axis: Italy is down and all but out of the war. There has not yet been a surrender as we go to press, but surrender is as inevitable as the rising and setting of the Axian sun.

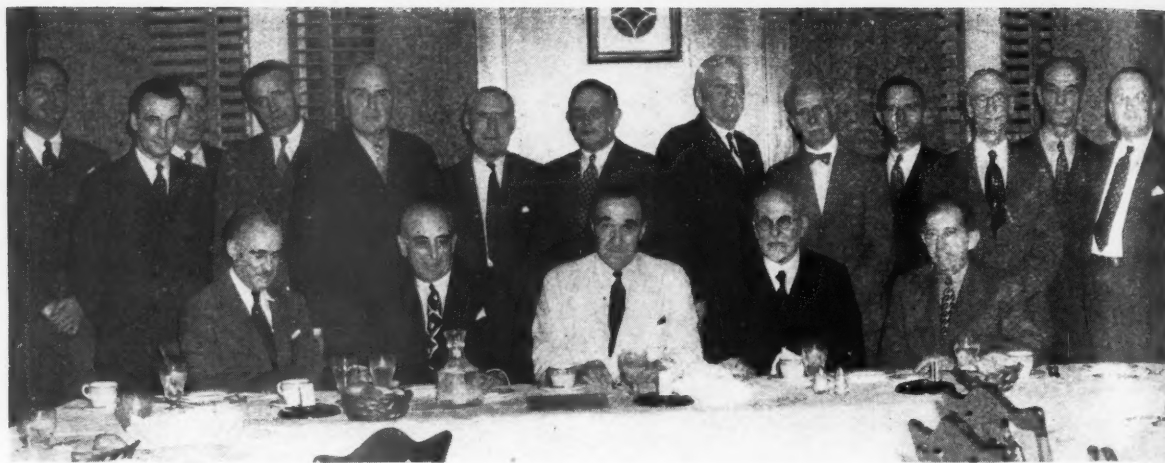
Pity the King and Badoglio! As we predicted last month ("Italia," page 8) the little King came up swiftly as the rallying-point for this desperate Italy; he and Badoglio were the only two men in Italy with a ghost of a chance of holding things together. Yet, once in power, they put on the typical blundering Italian performance. They knew in their

hearts that they could not possibly stand against the Allied onslaught; they also knew that the Germans were still ruling Italy. That left them between the devil and the deep blue Adriatic. So—they stalled for time. While they stalled, the Germans improved their position along the Po.

Germany could give no aid in holding all Italy. Hitler told Mussolini that, plainly, at Verona. Fighting on a 2,000 mile front in Russia and along another 2,000 mile front in the west, Hitler had neither men nor arms for Italia. Mussolini was only doing what he had to do when he suggested turning over all of Italy up to the Po to the Allies, and fighting it out in Northern Italy. There it will be fought out.

The fall of Italy saves who knows how many lives? It saves Italy and the Italians, who never wanted this war. It opens the Adriatic to the Allies, and beyond the Adriatic lie the Balkans! Hitler will stand along the Po and at Brenner Pass, but Brenner is vulnerable; a boxcar of TNT exploded in the long Brenner tunnel will stop the fight.

Ports and airfields in Italy are open to the Allies—which means that there will be shuttle-bombing of Germany, by



At a *Christian Herald* luncheon in honor of Ambassador Davies (author of "Mission to Moscow") were gathered some of the most representative churchmen of America. Left to right they are: top row, Mr. Phelps Pratt, Dr. Frank S. Mead, Mr. John Price, Dr. George E. Barnes, Dr. Alexander Mackie, Dr. Wm. Barrows Pugh, Dr. Luther Wesley Smith, Mr. A. H. Diebold, Mr. J. C. Penny, Mr. Norman Klauder, Dr. Frank Goodman, Dr. Harry Holmes, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Seated: Dr. Samuel Caveri, Ambassador Davies, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, and Mr. Will Hays

planes commuting from England to Italy. The Allies are now some 500 miles closer to the heart of the Reich. But it is the Balkans that is of real interest here. Sixty percent of the Axis garrison in Yugoslavia was Italian; can the Germans stand long there with only 40 percent of their former power? And remember—the Yugoslavia guerrilla is still fighting.

It is the beginning of the end. Hitler's "empire" crumbles. And if the rest of that empire can be reduced the way Italy was reduced, this war will cost much less in blood than even the most conservative of us expected.

**BOMBS:** The Roman Catholic Church, speaking through its prelates, priests, and periodicals, typifies the sharp divergence of opinion on the bombing of Rome. Before that bombing is forgotten, we Americans might do some hard, straight thinking in order to reach a sensible position from which to appraise the bombings of other cities in the future.

This editor bows to no man in his love for Rome; only one other city (and that's Peking) has fascinated him more. Rome is indeed holy soil. But so is the soil upon which any church is built, anywhere, upon which stands any historical monument. And we doubt, if we may not be misunderstood, that any historical monument, any church structure, is worth the blood of one American boy—or one boy of any nationality, for that matter! We mean the physical structure of the church, when we say that.

The soil upon which stand the churches of England is holy ground; lest we forget, 4,100 British churches have been hit, damaged or destroyed since the business of bombing began. That British soil is different neither in kind nor degree from the soil of Italy.

Be it remembered further that the late, and unlamented Fascist regime

found itself a fine hiding-place in the midst of those Roman churches and monuments. And from the perspective of the moment, it seems certain that the bombing of Rome gave the final blow to Fascism in Italy, put her out of the war, and saved literally tens of thousands of lives.

War is war, and no respecter of churches. Bombs have no eyes, the bombers have. It is to the undying credit of the American airmen who staged that historic raid that they plotted for weeks to *miss* the churches and monuments of Rome. But even had they struck them it would have been justified. When you go bombing, you go *bombing*; you are not on a picnic.

**END?** The sands in Hitler's hourglass are running low; his Third Reich is going fast. Held in Russia, beaten in Sicily, the Nazis fall back upon the "fortress of Europe." Just how good is that fortress?

Roughly, the fortress (or "National Reduit," as it is already being called) stretches from the old Maginot and Siegfried Lines along the French border to the Moltke Line, running from Lake Peipus through the Pripet Marshes and along the Dnieper to Odessa in the east, and from Jutland and the Baltic in the North to Northern Greece, Bulgaria and the Black Sea on the South. That takes in a lot of territory—too much territory, we believe, for the hard-pressed Nazis to defend. We believe the German collapse will come quickly—probably by Christmas.

But we would be silly to be over-optimistic. The German soldier is not made of the same mettle as the Italian; he will fight and fight hard. He still has plenty of material; there are reports of bumper crops all over occupied Europe, which means that he has plenty of food. Yet,

the German of 1943 is in much the same position as the German of 1918. He fights on one main military front; he has the support of wavering allies to worry about, along that front; he is suffering from four years of blockade; and, worst of all, the Americans are only beginning to fight.

Within the strict confines of Germany itself, morale is ebbing. How fast it is ebbing only the Germans know, and they are not telling the world. Morale within Italy, in the days before Mussolini ran from the sinking ship, was much lower than any of us suspected; the same situation may hold true in Germany. But whatever the morale, don't look for quick, easy victory over the Nazi. He fights now a battle of sheer desperation; he knows what he will get if and when he loses. Being a fanatic, and a beaten fanatic at that, he will go the limit before he quits.

**LICKED?** Newspaper correspondents are disclosing some bad news on German prisoners now in American prison camps. The Italians in those camps are a fairly good-natured, docile crowd; they did not want this war, and they are jubilant at getting out of it. Dr. Poling has reported in *CHRISTIAN HERALD* that the Italians came running out to surrender in Tunisia, holding up their fingers in the "V" sign, ecstatic at their escape from sudden, suicidal death. Not so the German.

The German prisoner is still as arrogant as the German "superman" who took Poland, Holland, France. He still clicks his heels, shouts his "Heil," still pins his picture of Hitler on his wall. He is far from "licked," even in his prison camp. It is a bad sign.

Whipping him in this war will not reform him; that reformation, if it is possible at all, must come after the war.

**CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 8**

What we do then will be as important, so far as the peace of our children's world is concerned, as what we do now. Can a Prussian change his skin, his spots? Maybe so; frankly, we have our doubts.

This Prussian is the German who *must* be taken care of, at the peace. It is he, and not the Bavarian or the Rheinlander, who has driven his people toward Paris three times since 1870. Admitting that the Allied nations have a sad record of individual and collective sinning which helped thrust this war upon us, the blood-and-iron Prussian, in our estimation, had a lot more to do with it. And he is already thinking in terms of World War III.

He must be treated as a psychopathic militarist. He must be isolated. He must be put in a position from which he will never, never be able to do this thing again. He is the Bad Boy of Europe; the sooner we realize that and act accordingly, the safer our world will be.

The program in Sicily is in charge of a British soldier—General Alexander—and under him is working a corps of supervisors trained for this particular job, and enlightened far beyond the psychology of vengeance. Many of them were trained at the School of Military Government at Charlottesville, Virginia; in every class at Charlottesville, there were at least two Britishers who were specialists in law, finance, public health and safety. Never before have we had such a group ready so quickly for such a task.

These military governors work through local officials and agencies; they will turn the reins over to local authorities as fast as possible. So far, there is no discrimination against police and carabinieri, or even worthy Fascists, so long as they do their work well. Fascism will be wiped out, in time—at least those Fascist principles which have persecuted religion, personal freedom and the press will be wiped out. AMGOT will quit and go home when the elections have been held.



Sunday in New Guinea follows much the same pattern as Sunday back home for these Yanks attending chapel in the jungle. Chaplain Marcus W. Johnson of Norfolk, Neb., conducts the services

**AMGOT:** The Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories (AMGOT, for short and for convenience) is cutting its eye-teeth in Sicily. AMGOT is the ruling body which will within the next few months take over the governing of millions of people in what was once enemy territory.

The first purpose of AMGOT is not social welfare, but the protection of the Allies in captured territory. It will fight epidemics, provide good food and water, strengthen lines of communication, restore and maintain order and take the first steps toward the normalcy of peace.

and a new regime put in power.

This is sane, enlightened procedure. Whatever we may think of the British-American coalition, or of British rule abroad, this much is clear as daylight: compared to other European masters, the British are as generous and fair with their conquered enemies as any people have ever been. There will be errors in AMGOT, but history will recognize it as a new and most welcome idea in the treatment of conquered people.

The rule of AMGOT will be quite different from the rule of the New Order of Nazism, which Sicily has tasted and doesn't like!

## CHURCH NEWS

**SENSE:** The Right Reverend Samuel Heaslett, former Anglican Bishop of South Tokyo, preached recently in St. Paul's, London. He talked much of the Japanese; he knows whereof he speaks when he speaks of the Japanese, for he was a prisoner of war in Japan for nearly six months. He uttered in St. Paul's certain words which should be inscribed on the walls of the hall in which the peace conference will be held. Said the Bishop:

"There are three things which every Christian should keep in mind and in his prayers when he thinks about Japan and the Japanese. First, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that evil, brilliantly organized, has captured Japan. Second, we must work and pray for the speedy destruction of the present evil regime. Third, we must never forget that, even today in Japan at war, fruits of Christian living are still being shown in the lives of a small minority of individuals."

We have heard nothing more sensible than that since Pearl Harbor.

**MODIFICATION:** Agitation grows, in the Church, for a modification by the United States of its immigration and naturalization laws, to allow natives of all Oriental countries to enter this country under the existing quota system. Latest discussion of this on an important scale came at the International Round Table of Christian Leaders, at Princeton.

This is a question that will not down: it will not down because so much depends upon it. In our judgment nothing would do more to bring on a war with the Orient than another Exclusion Act. The old Act has smoldered in the Japanese breast for years; you can't call a man inferior and order him out of your house without expecting him to strike back at you, when he is ready to strike. Nor does it seem just to us to accept for citizenship men like Al Capone, Lepke, Bridges, et al., and deny the same right to men like Kagawa and women like Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The quota principle could and should be applied to the Oriental. We would not suffer from that; some 100 Chinese would enter America annually. In view of that, it does seem that we might do as well by the Chinese as we do by the Italian and the German!

The peace of the world in which our children will live will depend not so much upon what we say at the peace-table, as upon how we act toward the peoples of other color after the peace is signed. By our works and not our words shall they know us!

**INDIA:** Lest you believe that all Englishmen are resolved to hold India exactly where India is today, read this statement from the British Council of Churches:



Good neighbors provided coffee for these Melrose, Mass., air raid wardens when they turned out for a practice alert early in the morning

"We are convinced that the British Government and people are sincere in the offer made a year ago, that a constitution carrying with it complete self-government shall be devised by the Indians themselves, and that if India should wish to separate herself from the British Commonwealth of Nations no obstacles should be put in her path, much as we should regret such an end to the long association of our peoples."

There speaks and breathes and lives the Christian spirit; if enough Englishmen feel like this, independence is not far away for India. It is good to know that the highly representative British Council of Churches feels like this, and that it has the courage to speak such words at such a time.

Of course, England cannot do it all; India must declare herself ready and anxious for such a "cutting loose" from the British Commonwealth. It is sad but it is true that up to now, there is little unity on the question among India's teeming millions. Until they become more of one mind, such a move is impossible.

But the statement of the Council is a straw in the wind. Such sentiment blazes the trail for a just settlement of the most bothersome problem the British have had on their hands since the Boston Tea Party.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS:** That the Sunday schools in this country are in a bad way is an open secret. Denominational publishing houses are worrying over the steady drop in the circulation of their Sunday school materials; pastors are worrying over erratic attendance; teachers are worrying over sudden population shifts which are depopulating some areas and some schools, and swamping others with newcomers.

Now comes another worry: Dr. Otto Mayer, research director for the Inter-

national Council of Religious Education, tells us that in all denominations between 1939 and 1942 there has been an increase in Sunday school attendance generally, but that the number of teachers and officials has dropped off 8.7 percent—to a total of 2,006,320. Sunday school membership now totals 19,359,059.

This whole business of Sunday school needs a careful survey and rearrangement after the war. Nothing much can be done in the hubbub of these war years, but a radical readjustment in the setup is due when we settle down again. It just can't go on the way it is now; we are losing childhood and youth too fast. An hour a week on Sunday morning might have been all right fifty years ago; it is decidedly not enough now.

**MOVIES:** The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States, in Convention assembled, has approved the following criteria for evaluating radio programs, comics and the movies:

1. That they contain nothing opposed to the Word of God.
2. That they be wholesome entertainment.
3. That they attain a high level of artistic achievement.
4. That they have some educational value.

It is a good step, and a good program. We're for it—with reservations. There are holes in this program large enough to negate a great deal of its value. Who, for instance, is to judge the "high level of artistic achievement?" Even artists grow violent when they "judge" artistry. Then it seems to us that there should be some radio and movie entertainment (we leave the comics out of this classification) that should be entertainment and only entertainment, with no educational value "dragged in by the horns." Even the plank of the platform which

asks for "nothing opposed to the Word of God" creates difficulties of interpretation. It seems to us that pictures like "The Grapes of Wrath" and radio programs like "Gang Busters" hold definite lessons dealing with the results of crime and sin—and there is much, much in both the picture and the radio program that seems to be opposed to the Word. It all depends upon how such subjects are handled, and on who handles them!

But these may, after all, be trivial criticisms. The important thing is that the Lutherans have made an intelligent attempt. They have moved—and that's important.

**HERE AND THERE:** Bishop John A. Gregg of the African Methodist Church is visiting Negro troops of the U. S. Army in the Pacific theatre; good move! . . . Methodist Commission on Evangelism has adopted a record budget: \$375,000. That's good news, too; we need The Good News . . . The Family Altar League (Chicago) is calling the 220,000 churches of America to restore the family altar as antidote to waves of juvenile delinquency. Well, why not? . . . Religious Education Week is to be celebrated Sept. 26-October 3 by 43 Protestant denominations . . . Yearbook of the Churches, just published, reports a membership of 67,327,719 persons in 256 religious bodies in the U.S.A. It looks to us like too many religious bodies, too few members . . . New Turkish translation of the Bible is said to be responsible for new understanding and tolerance toward Christianity in Turkey . . . But don't become over-optimistic over that report; the die-hard, fanatical sections of Mohammedanism are still active, say our mission circles . . . World Order Sunday is set for November 7 . . . American Christians have sent \$1300 toward rebuilding the historic Presbyterian Church at Malta . . . And that's all for this month.

## TEMPERANCE

**JUDGMENT:** Sentencing a soldier convicted of killing a woman after making the rounds of six drinking places, Judge Van Buren Perry of South Dakota spoke his mind about liquor and the liquor business, to wit:

"Our Government has lost a soldier as completely as though a Jap or a German spy had dropped from the skies and stabbed him in the back or shot him from ambush. A Jap or a German doing such would have acted in the service of his country, and at the risk of his life, but these unpatriotic peddlers of poison had no lofty motive. They sold him that excess of liquor for money at a time when it was the duty of every patriotic citizen to shield and protect this lad as

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 10

a valuable piece of military equipment." We'd call that a solar-plexus blow. If there be anything more unpatriotic than getting an American soldier drunk, we haven't heard of it yet.

**ADS:** It may just be that the dries overlook too much when they criticize the American newspaper and magazine for running liquor ads. The truth is that despite all the millions thrown into advertising by the liquor interests, more than 5,000 secular publications in the U. S., including daily and weekly newspapers, still refuse to carry booze advertising in any shape or form.

Latest developments in the advertising field disclose a new approach. The liquor men are going after the rural and small-town newspaper with a series of "Old Judge" ads. Many of those newspapers need advertising far, far more than the big national papers; the prospect of a good healthy advertising program in the Crossroads Gazette is one big temptation; it is to the undying credit of the Crossroads Gazette that, much as it needs money, it has, up to now, stayed fairly well away from booze income.

To help the anti-booze editor in the small town and rural area, the American Business Men's Research Foundation (111 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago) is getting out a temperance propaganda series written in the same style as the "Old Judge" ads. Does your local paper carry them?

**RATIONING:** A letter reaches us from a reader in California, criticizing the item on "Grain" in our temperance news for July. He feels that we have been unfair in that item, that there is already rationing of liquor, that no more grain is being consumed by the distillers, etc.

Things are moving so fast now that a correction of this item may be in order, from our end. Certainly liquor stocks are becoming more and more limited, in certain areas. That does not hold for our own metropolitan area—yet. If there is any rationing here, either on the part of the brewers or the government, we haven't heard of it or noticed it. Beer seems to be flowing out to the service camps and to the fronts, with little hindrance.

Yet it is certainly true that the brewers and distillers are going over fast to 100% war industry. That is as it should be. We still feel that our statement that "Every time they (the drinkers) toss off a cocktail or a glass of beer, a child faints from hunger in Belgium, Norway or France" is within the limits of fact. What we'd like to see is the breaking up of present liquor stocks, and the alcohol in those stocks turned to war use.

We appreciate the reader's interest and his criticism. The last thing we want to do is to misrepresent anyone—even the liquor barons!



## For Christian Hearts All Over the World

**H**OW NECESSARY The Upper Room has become in the lives of Christians throughout America and in foreign lands is shown by the world-wide demand for this booklet of daily devotions, now in its ninth year. Quarter after quarter, over 1,750,000 copies are published and read in daily worship. In hundreds of thousands of homes it is used at family altars. Pastors, chaplains, and church workers distribute it to their groups. Foreign language and Braille editions extend its services.

If you have not made the acquaintance of this little pocket-size periodical that means so much to so many, perhaps you are missing something that would help your own devotional life or that of the group you serve. Why not investigate? The cost is insignificant, the benefits oftentimes very great.

The October-November-December issue is now ready for distribution. Order today. Ten or more copies to one address, 5 cents each, postpaid. Single yearly subscriptions, 30 cents, postpaid; foreign, 40 cents. Four years, \$1.00; foreign, \$1.35. Send all orders to

**THE UPPER ROOM**  
Medical Arts Building, Nashville, Tenn.

# CHRISTIAN Herald



## DETROIT'S SHAME:

### AMERICA'S TRAGEDY

**D**ETROIT'S shame was America's tragedy. That murderous holiday was a foul blow behind the backs of those who bravely fight on all the fronts of freedom. In this fashion, we could lose at home all that our sons die for abroad. We shall deceive only ourselves if we think the racial significance of Detroit is lost upon our foe. Now the enemy can almost forget Stalingrad and North Africa! Title that story "Good News for Hitler," for it did more to bolster Axis morale than anything that has happened since Pearl Harbor.

Why this complete breakdown of government in America's fourth city? The long-time causes were economic, social and political. They go to the heart of all our human relations. They are the inevitable result of the refusal or failure of the strong to consider the weak—they indict our American civilization—our homes, our schools, our courts, our churches. No one of us escapes their condemnation.

Immediate causes were the inexcusable blindness of municipal authorities and of industrial and labor leaders to increasing unrest and bitterness. These fiddled while the racial fires were kindled. Mountain workers from the South brought with them their code of white authority, and they began to practice it. Housing conditions were intolerable. Those who once rode for the Klan were busy again, and subversive interests of every sort, with every sinister motive, incited the Negro to "get his rights."

I visited Detroit and Michigan following the riots. I talked with clergymen, publicists, and with workers—black and white. I read local newspapers and I studied the news pictures. While they do not exempt the Negro from blame, these stories and pictures place major responsibility upon the white man; they show policemen holding Negroes while eager whites punch them; two Negroes struggling on the ground with 64 whites surrounding them; white hoodlums dragging a Negro from a streetcar or forcing a Negro from an automobile while his terrified wife and daughter look on. In twenty-four pictures the same shameful story is told.



But the answer is not a march on Washington nor another mass demonstration, nor any frontal, illegal attack on unjust laws. Those agitators, black and white, who propose these and similar measures are false guides and, should their propaganda succeed, only injury and death would come again to innocent men, women and children. (Organizers of these events would, of course, escape their own folly.) On the other hand there should be constructive programs to prevent such situations in every industrial center. Committees of representative men and women, citizens of all races and colors, should be appointed to gather facts, to face these facts squarely and then to propose community action. Immediately and without explosive publicity, police forces should be strengthened and if necessary reorganized. Specifically, the plan of two policemen to a beat in all thickly populated racial districts should be considered—as, for instance, one Negro officer with one white officer or one Jew and one Christian. This plan alone would solve many an incipient crisis. But only a long-time, comprehensive, statesmanlike and Christian plan is the solution or the hope of a solution for this problem. If American democracy, American freedom and the American way of life are to survive, the issue must be faced and progressively the problem must be solved.

To every other industrial area of America, Detroit has this to say:

**"DO NOT POINT THE FINGER OF SCORN, FOR IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!"**

We must make sure that it does not happen "to us." I am grateful for the attitude of many city governments. I am grateful for the editorial voice of our newspapers and for the constructive programs of our civic, religious and inter-faith groups. Definitely we are doing something about this ominous matter. *But we must do more and do it quickly.* There would be no excuse for us now. We are forewarned. We must awake and be ready. We must anticipate the possible event and deal immediately and constructively with the causes.

We do not intend that sinister forces exploiting ignorance, firing prejudices and working in the dark shall find us asleep or unprepared. We do not intend that treason at home shall destroy or weaken our unity to conclude a successful war and to win a durable peace. We do not intend that democracy shall be erased and that freedom shall be lost.

Daniel A. Polin  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

# The BETRAYED GENERATION

Have you heard this generation called the lost generation?

The adjective is popular, but personally I doubt that it fits.

I think we would be nearer the truth if we were to call it the betrayed generation.

By  
J. EDGAR  
HOOVER

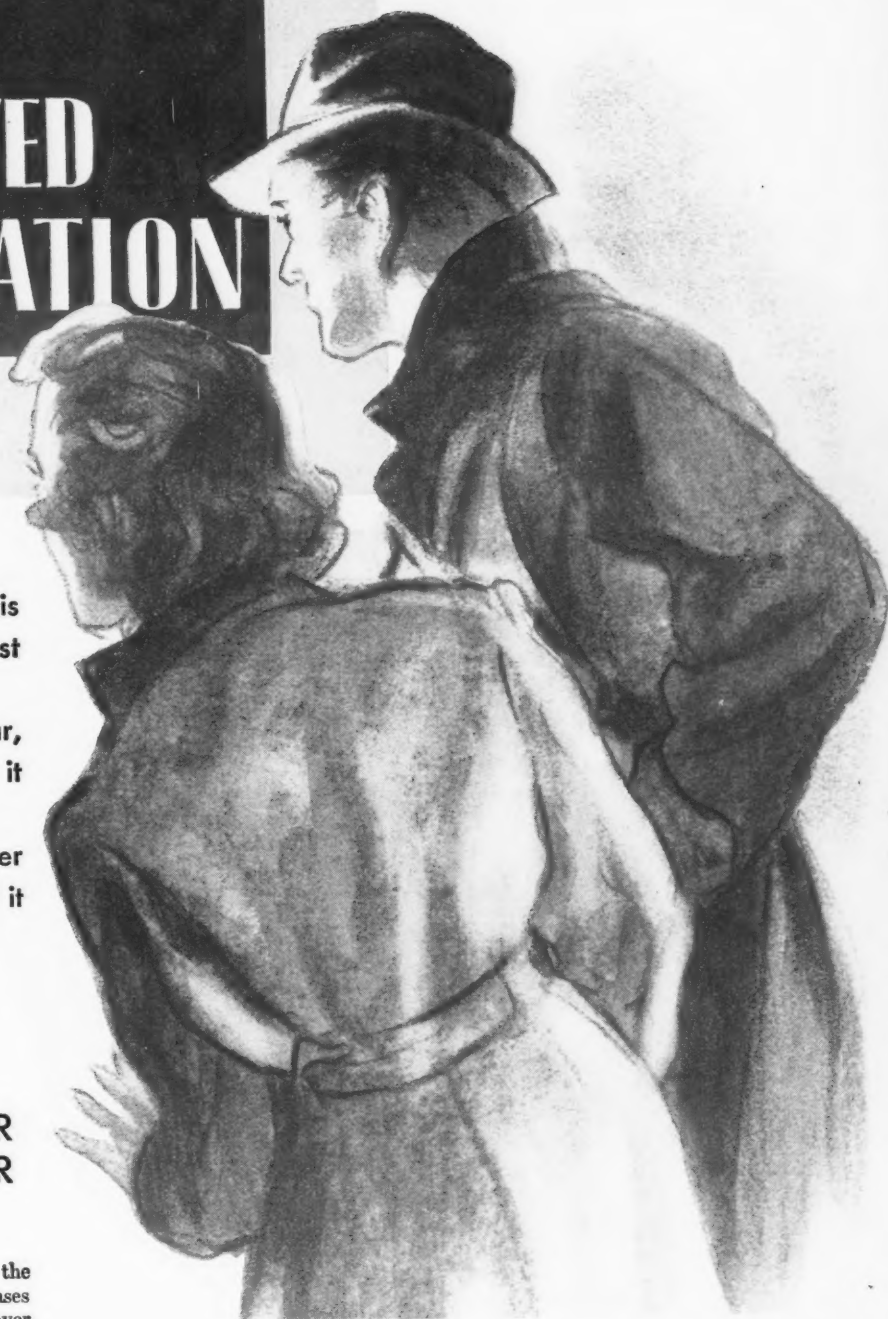
THINK I know the record of the younger generation. Thousands of cases involving young people have passed over my desk in recent years. I am painfully aware of the criminal record of modern youth. Day and night I am haunted by the disturbing fact that youthful crime is on the increase. In 1942, among boys under 21 years of age, we had an increase in arrests of 17 per cent for assault, 26 per cent for disorderly conduct, 30 per cent for drunkenness and 10 per cent for rape. The increase in arrests among girls under 21 is disgraceful and alarming. Last year there were increases of 29 per cent for homicide, 27 per cent for larceny,

64 per cent for prostitution, 124 per cent for vagrancy, 69 per cent for disorderly conduct and 39 per cent for drunkenness.

This situation is shocking. As adults, we should be asking ourselves why such a state of affairs exists and setting ourselves to correct it. I have an unbounded faith in this generation. I am hopeful and optimistic about them, though I know how bad that record looks and how uncertain and grim seems their future. And I still say they are not so much lost as betrayed, and I am interested in

the underlying causes of that betrayal.

This situation didn't come upon us overnight; it has been developing for years. It has been aided and abetted by our spirit of wartime abandon, our "last fling" philosophy, our moral and spiritual confusion and our unsettled living. Youth did not create any of the conditions which today threaten to weaken our society. They were in full bloom when youth arrived. The betrayal came at the hands of the generation that preceded the present one.



We of that older generation failed terribly in our duty to youth. We were wise, proud and sophisticated—and in that sophistication, foundations were laid upon false premises; we built on shifting sand. The idolatry of materialism which we practiced in that generation came close to transforming our land into a new, national Sodom and Gomorrah. Fundamentals were ignored. We forgot too much—and still forget too much—the experiences, identities and basic social and religious principles of those who gave us those fundamentals, and who using them made this country great.

To the youth of today, upon whose gallant shoulders rests the tremendous burden of our nation's future, I would say this: "Recapture those fundamentals. Study those forefathers. Go back and read again the drama of America's yesterday, the story of that faith which knelt with Washington at Valley Forge and rode the wagon-trains that went over the Rockies. Study it. Understand it. Put it to work again. It is well enough for you to shout with Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty or give me

death,' but remember that the same Patrick Henry said to the same Virginia Assembly, 'I know of no way of judging the future but by the past!' If you want an America fit for Americans to live in, an America worthy of the faith and sacrifice of the pioneer—if you really mean it when you say you want to preserve that American way of life which has become the envy of the modern world, go back and restudy the great and guiding lessons of yesterday."

We are proud in this country of being modern, up to date and a step ahead of most of the rest of the world. But too few of us stop boasting long enough to remind ourselves that our ability to make tremendous contributions to modern civilization is a direct product of our inventive pioneering spirit rolling down from the past. Men and women everywhere grow in understanding and ability through knowledge of other men and women. If we had understood the experiences of those who went before us, and if we had capitalized upon them instead of ignoring them, we would not be where we are today. The mistakes and

bloodshed of the present might well have been avoided completely if we had all been a little more determined in a search for truth and reality in the past. The antecedents of wars are found in lawlessness and in neglect of the time-honored rules that govern civilization.

I wonder what might have been the effect today if steps had been taken twenty years ago to curb the crazy antics of a certain Austrian paper hanger? True, he was "the product of his time"—but so were Capone, Buchalter, Karpis, Dillinger, Touhy and a host of other gangsters who almost seized control of whole American communities. Through prompt and decisive action, these gunmen no longer menace society. We might be saying the same of Hitler and his gangster associates had we faced plain facts and acted in time.

Always remember first to get the facts, be sure they are facts, then act on them!

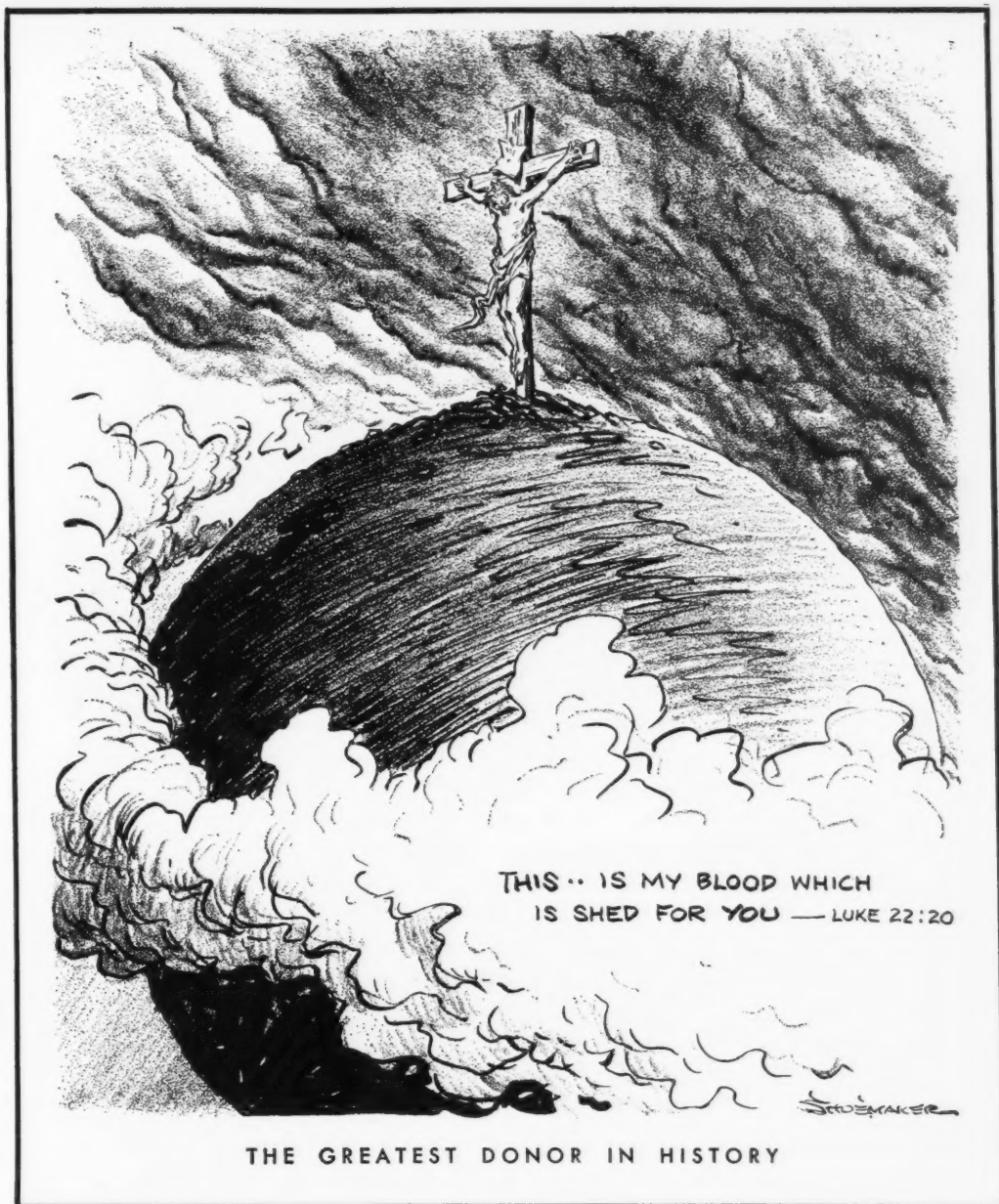
Whether we like to admit it or not, the older generation passed on a heritage of indifference to America and all that she stands for. For years our enemies were gaining a foothold on our soil and threatening to undermine and destroy every good and perfect American thing. The German-American Bund pretended that it was a patriotic group of citizens. Today we know a different story. We know that for years they have sought to spread the germs of their diabolical scheme in our midst. The spies of the Japanese had a pretty easy time of it thanks to the idea all too prevalent among us that it would be rude and impolite to curb their spying activities. Why they should have been treated with such gentleness and courtesy is hard for some of us to understand. Certainly they were anything but gentle and courteous and appreciative toward the life, liberty and happiness they were enjoying in this country—and which they never enjoyed in their own land! What we lacked in those days was the strength of our forefathers. No doctor ever hesitated to kill a germ in his fight against typhoid and smallpox. Youth had better understand that when they engage in the business of protecting whatever they hold healthy and dear in America.

These enemies of ours reasoned that we were weak. We were weak in comparison with the Americans of earlier days. They reasoned that we were incapable of quick, fearless action. They had been given plenty of reason to believe that. They regarded America—or at least that adult section of America which was running things for the moment—as fickle and unstable, subject to childish changes of opinion and spineless in the conduct of their affairs. Read the sad record and decide for yourself whether they were right or wrong about that. The Japanese and the Nazis said we were fatally weak in our internal dissensions, our disrespect for law, our

(Continued on page 47)



Youth did not create any of these conditions; they were in full bloom when youth arrived. The betrayal came at the hands of the preceding generation



THE GREATEST DONOR IN HISTORY

# GOD GUIDES MY PEN

By **VAUGHN  
SHOEMAKER**

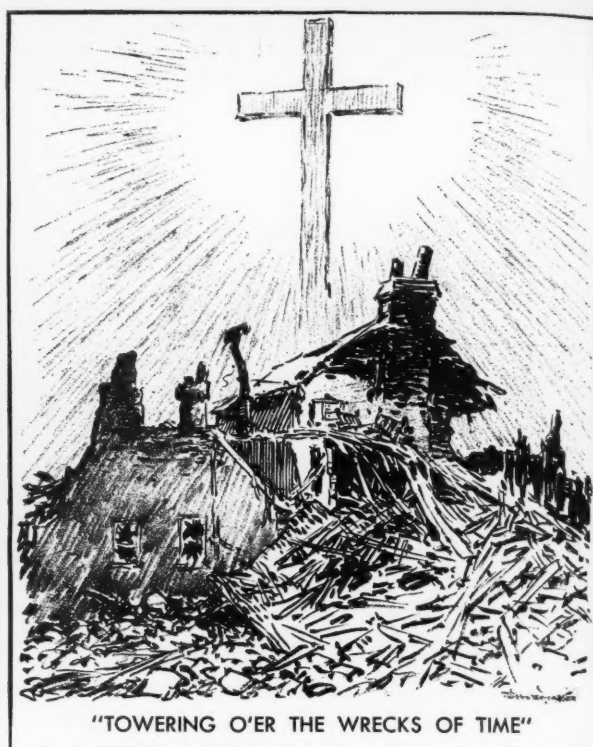
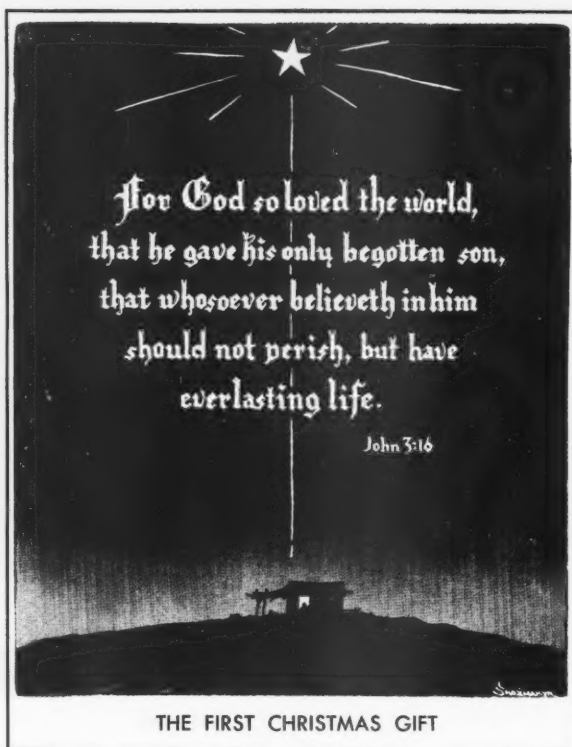
**A**RTISTS and cartoonists are supposed to be "geniuses"—some sort of rare human beings peculiarly gifted and equipped to do something that most people can't do. That may go for

some artists and cartoonists, but it doesn't go for me. I lay no claim whatever to being a genius, because I don't draw my cartoons alone, out of my own strength or talent; God helps me draw them. Without Him, I might still be a lifeguard on the bathing-beaches of Chicago. There's quite a story behind that statement.

It goes back to boyhood—to the days when my mother prayed and prayed that some day I'd let God guide my life. I smiled at her; so did my three brothers. Prayer seemed "sissified" to me then; it was all right for Mother to pray, but

Mother wasn't young and strong any more. Old folks prayed. Sick folks prayed. Not strong young kids with all the resources within them necessary to "get by." I'd get along without prayer, without God.

I tried it—and failed. I bungled my education in a big way. They pushed me along through grammar school, because they needed the room for youngsters coming along behind me. In high school it was the same old story of neglect and disinterest. I spent two and a half years there, and my grades were all alike: poor, indeed. The teachers got disgusted with



VAUGHN SHOEMAKER

me and I quit, believing I could get along without education, just as I had felt I could get along without God.

That lack of education turned out to be almost as much a handicap to me as my lack of religion. Let's put it this way: there are three essential qualifications for a cartoonist. One is education. The second is that he must be able to draw. The third is that he must have ideas and experience. I was sadly lacking in all three essentials the day I quit high school.

I got a job as lifeguard on a bathing

beach. Now life-saving is not exactly the ideal school in which to develop Christian character; the temptation is to make it an easy, lazy life. You earn enough to get along, and you are likely to spend it as fast as you make it. You meet a lot of people at those beaches who are willing to help you spend it—and you can, if you desire, spend your life in a round of pleasure that leaves you, when it's over, with a dark-brown taste and the knowledge that you've been a fool.

I was lucky in meeting a girl who had sense. We fell in love and I proposed. She gave me the shock of my life.

"Sure," she said, "I like you. But I don't like you well enough to let you waste my life while you're wasting yours. Get ready for something! Show me you're going somewhere!"

It took me awhile to get the idea; I got hold of a magazine and began looking through the school advertisements. My eye stopped at the ad of an art school; one of those "draw this and become a famous cartoonist" things. It was worth trying—especially in view of the fact that the course was a short one. I'd be all set to earn real money in six months.

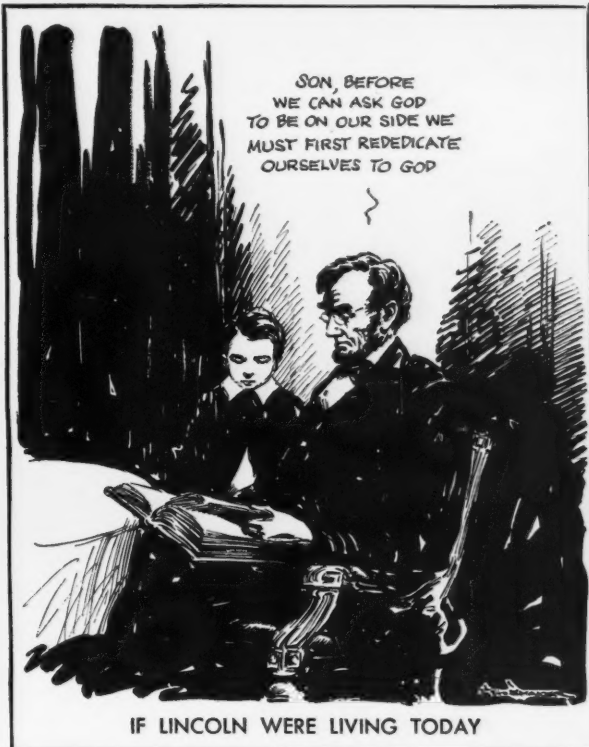
I went to my oldest brother and asked him to stake me to tuition in the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts—because I wanted to become a cartoonist. He was happy that I was at last becoming interested in something of real importance—and he gave me the check. I registered at the Academy, and the course began.

Classes were overcrowded. The Academy had a waiting list for the cartoonist's class, and they weeded out the unfit every six months. I was the first to be

weeded; the director came to me and said, "Shoemaker, you'd better quit and get yourself a job. You'll never make a cartoonist in a thousand years." I begged so hard that they decided to let me stay on awhile longer.

Needing money now, I went down to the office of the *Chicago Daily News* and got a job as a sort of office boy in the art department. Now and then I'd try to draw a cartoon. I was 19. I kept plugging, hoping for "the break." All of a sudden, it came. Ted Brown, the chief cartoonist, left to take a position in New York City, with the *Herald-Tribune*; his assistant left to take a place with King Features Syndicate, and within the same week the second assistant had to leave because of illness in his family. That left—me! The boss didn't seem to think much of me, or of my ability. He raved in the best newspaper tradition: "You, Shoemaker. Draw something, anything, till I can look around and get a cartoonist!"

Newspaper men call that a "break." I call it Providence. For the first time in many a moon I asked God to help me; I didn't have any right to do that, since I'd been ignoring Him for years—but men are like that. God's all right in an emergency—and this was some emergency. For months, I barely held onto that job, sweating out my ideas for cartoons; the ideas were none too good, nor was the execution. I had no professional friend to turn to for help. The other cartoonists were too busy; besides, any good cartoonist saves his good ideas for himself; he doesn't give them away.



I turned then to the only source left me: I turned to my mother's God, after all those years. God wasn't so far away now; neither was prayer. I asked God for help, and I got it. With His help, I managed to stick. I married the girl who had driven me to show her I was "going somewhere," and we faced the uphill climb together.

The going was getting tougher and tougher when my oldest brother died. I got word one night to rush to the hospital, if I wanted to see him alive. I went into his room, saw in a second that he was at death's door—and got down on my knees. It was as instinctive as breathing, and it was the direct result of my good fortune in having a praying mother. I prayed as I had never prayed before.

Dell woke up for a moment, and looked at me. I said to him, "Dell, are you ready to meet Jesus Christ?" He looked at me in amazement; I had never talked like that. Finally he nodded his head, said "Yes," weakly, smiled at me—and in a few minutes he was with God.

I walked out of the hospital in a daze; I walked through the following weeks in a daze. But not alone. Now God walked with me. Christ walked with me; He was there beside my drawing-board. Something had happened; life just wasn't the same; I wasn't the same. The boys in the office noticed it. They were hard-boiled newspaper men, and newspaper men are not the most demonstratively religious men in the world. There's a reason for that. Newspaper men must think objectively—in terms of a story, a scoop. Their lives make them

so. Besides, they dare not be afraid of anything or anybody; that's why the fear of God so seldom gets hold of them.

Some of them laughed. Some of them kidded me. I laughed back. There I stood; God helping me, I could do no other. There was only one in that office who had any deep sympathy with me. That was Charlie, the office boy; he had taken a stand, too.

My work was better now; the editors liked it. I began to breathe easier—thanks to God's help in guiding my pen. I got down on my knees in that office, beside my drawing-board, every morning before I started work. I still do that, every day of my life. I wouldn't dream of beginning to work without saying, "God, whatever talent I have You've given me and developed in me. Take it and use it. Guide my hand." I asked Him for ideas—the all-important stock-in-trade of the cartoonist—and ideas came. Ideas on all subjects. Yes, the going was easier now.

Christmas was coming, and I was floundering around for a real Christmas idea. I had drawn one really good Christmas cartoon, for a religious publication. It was a "Bethlehem" picture, with the star gleaming down on the manger, and across the body of the cartoon I had written the words of John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I had entitled it "The First Christmas Gift," and while it was popular enough and fitting enough for the religious magazine, I wanted now a cartoon for a metropolitan newspaper, which seemed to me to

be somewhat of a different requirement.

Search my head and heart as I would for a new idea, God always led me back to look at that Bethlehem drawing, saying to me, "This is it." I went to work on it, making a new sketch to submit to the editors. The morning came when we had to decide, in editorial conference, on the Christmas cartoon; I started for the conference with "The First Christmas Gift" under my arm. In the hall I met Charlie; he took one look at it and his eyes bulged; he liked it at first sight. "What," asked Charlie, "are you going to do with *that*?" He just couldn't believe I was going to try to get it into the *News*. But I was; I told him that and asked him, "Pray for me, will you, Charlie?" His eyes lighted up: "Sure I'll pray," he said. "What's more, I'll call up my girl and we'll both pray." I went into the conference.

The drawing was all right, the editors said, but that line, that John 3:16—it wasn't Christmasy. It might offend the non-Christian readers of the *News*—and there were a lot of them. Couldn't I find some other line? I fought for John 3:16; it was that or nothing. I guess I was pretty stubborn—but it meant a lot, that text. I was the only man in the room who wanted it, and my heart sank lower and lower as hope faded. Finally one of the editors said, "We'd better take this to the publisher. Let him decide."

The publisher listened patiently to all the obvious reasons why the cartoon should not be used. He sat and thought it over for a minute and then he said,

(Continued on page 51)

By

O. K. Armstrong

"JESUS would write a peace based upon justice and understanding."

With those words, Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, famed author of the book "In His Steps," began an answer to my question: "What would Jesus do about the future peace?"

Dr. Sheldon still lives in Topeka, Kansas, in the same rambling white house that was his home when he wrote his record-breaking little volume forty-seven years ago. His neatly-trimmed moustache and his sparse hair are white now, but his step is firm, he stands erect, his mind is keen and his heart still sensitive to the suffering and problems of mankind.

"Yes," he said, "I am sure that the Master, if He were here among us in the flesh, would insist upon a peace based upon the understanding of our common hopes, needs, problems and failings."

Now eighty-six years of age, Dr. Sheldon still holds the enthusiasm and carries the torch of a youthful crusader. Sweeping indeed is a plan he is formulating to hasten a just and lasting peace. Dr. Sheldon hopes to lead a movement to unite the peoples of all faiths in this nation, and eventually in all the world, to insist that peace treaties which must follow this war be based upon the principles of Christian faith and practice.

"And why not?" he asks. "We missed that chance last time. We must not miss it again."

"What sort of peace would Jesus draw for the post-war world?"

"First of all, it would be based upon the most fundamental teaching of His ministry,—upon the Fatherhood of God. When you think of all humanity as the children of God, there's no room left for racial hatreds, prejudices and rivalries—attitudes which war-makers have from time immemorial utilized to force peoples into war against their neighbors."

"There must be no more dividing the world into 'good' people, who have been on our side in this war and therefore must be rewarded, and 'bad' people who have been our enemies and must therefore be punished."

"That was one of the mistakes we made last time. The victors took the spoils. The vanquished were left to suffer. We have learned that all people everywhere are victims of this global war. Our part in it must be to free them

Let the

Master make the  
Peace



from their oppressors and tyrants. Having done that, we must invite them to the peace-table as friends and brothers. It may be hard to do, but we *must* do it. There must be no more 'inferior races' to be looked down upon by the white race. A Negro preacher in Topeka once congratulated me upon the success of 'In His Steps' with the remark, 'You may have a white face, but your heart is just as black as mine!'

Dr. Sheldon reminds us that Jesus lived on this earth at a time when the power of the Roman empire was supreme. Imperial Caesars dictated to nearly the whole civilized world. Jesus' own people were being held beneath the heel of aggression. Yet could the Master say, "God hath made one of all nations."

"Jesus placed the emphasis upon a way

of living, and it is His way of living we must provide for all the earth if our future peace is to be lasting. Jesus never denounced the Roman rulers never railed against their political system. He knew that if men came to a realization of their kinship as sons of God, they would live in peace with one another, and deal justly each with his neighbor. He believed in the dignity of the human soul and the value of human life, however lowly its origin."

The second great factor in a Christian peace, this veteran minister holds, is the establishment of international justice,—not for the favored few, but for *all* the nations; not alone for the victorious, but for the defeated as well.

"If Jesus were to be in the hall where  
CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 18

the peace is signed," he says, "I believe He would place the words of the Golden Rule upon the wall for all the assembled delegates to read and ponder."

And how may the peace-makers translate the precepts of Christian brotherliness into actual agreements among the nations? Dr. Sheldon outlines the agreements as follows:

1. *There must be no punishment of peoples for the faults of their military rulers. There must be no revenge following this war.*

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him!" quoted Dr. Sheldon. "If we had done that before this war, we might have prevented this, the greatest tragedy of history. Certainly if we are to prevent wars in the future, we must be forgiving of those who have wronged us."

2. *Imperialism, the rule of superior and more favored peoples, must be done away with forever.*

The day of empires is over, Dr. Sheldon holds. And that goes for the British, French and Dutch, as well as for the Italians, Germans and Japanese—in short, for all of us.

"Some nations have extended their power over 'inferior peoples' by territorial rule. We Americans have extended our power by dollar rule. We need, before we write the new peace, to get down on our knees and ask forgiveness, and vow never to do it again.

"China must be given her freedom from Japanese aggression, and also her freedom from the white man's exploitation. Mussolini's empire in Africa has been shattered. It will do no good for some other and more powerful nation—Britain or France, for example, to 'move in and take over.' We want freedom for the occupied countries, bound now by Hitler's aggression. Shall we deny freedom to those countries which are the victims of other aggressions? Peoples everywhere must be given the right of self-determination, the right to decide their allegiance and their government; and then they must be helped in maintaining that right."

3. *There must be better distribution of the world's raw materials and natural resources.*

Dr. Sheldon points out that dictators rise to power through the hunger and despair of their people. Can we offer the "have-not" peoples something better than the threat of servitude and continual policing? He thinks the answer is YES:

"There again a great mistake was made after the last war. We should have offered our neighbors the bread of helpfulness. We gave them the stones of reparations, loss of prestige, loss of colonies, and collapse of trade.

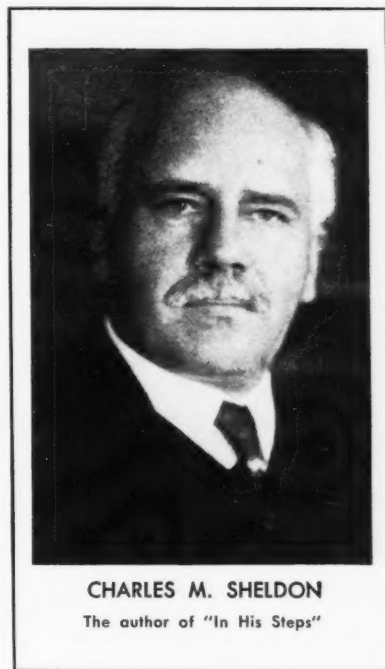
"It is utter folly to base the future peace upon the holding of whole nations, such as the Japanese and Germans, in poverty and degradation. We must offer them opportunity of access to raw materials. We must offer those who are

crowded a fair share of the good earth. We must internationalize the gateways and highways of trade. Monopolies by those who have against those who have not, must never be permitted again."

4. *The future peace must permit and encourage a world-wide cooperative effort on the part of the common man to prevent war.*

Dr. Sheldon emphasizes those words "the common man." You catch the depth of his feeling about humanity when he tells you: "A Christian is a man who loves people he doesn't like!"

We shall have to lead other nationalities and other races to join with us in refusing ever again to take up arms one against the other, he says: "Christian Americans have shown the spirit of co-operation many times before. After the Boxer Rebellion, we refused to penalize



CHARLES M. SHELDON

The author of "In His Steps"

the Chinese, and the Chinese have never forgotten our merciful spirit. When the earthquake of 1923 almost destroyed Tokyo, we quickly raised many millions in money and gathered uncountable quantities of food and clothing to care for the victims of this catastrophe. The Japanese never forgot our kindness. The common people of Japan would never have willingly made war against us. The future peace must make it possible for us to cooperate with them to prevent a military machine from forcing them into the slaughter and destruction of another war."

At the church where Dr. Sheldon worships in Topeka, a collection was taken last Easter Sunday for the victims of war. This rugged disciple of Christian living declared to the congregation that there are no "friends" nor "enemies" among starving women and children.

Christian men and women in dictator nations, like Kagawa in Japan, Dr. Sheldon believes, are awaiting the day of liberation, and will meet Christian leaders of America more than halfway to establish cooperative efforts toward international justice and permanent understandings. Here will be a task to be led by Christian missionaries as they take up their stations again as ambassadors of the Cross, to be joined by statesmen, businessmen, educators and all others having dealings with foreign peoples.

"The common people want no more war. They know that war is the most wicked, wasteful, stupid and cowardly activity of the human race," says Dr. Sheldon, with all his old vehemence. I asked him about that word "cowardly."

"Yes, I said cowardly. In the days of the cave men, rivals stood face to face and fought it out. Now a shell explodes among unseen men, killing them promiscuously. Now the bomber takes the lives of the wounded and sick, the aged, the infants, the innocent, along with the lives of some of the soldiers.

"After this war, the people of every nation must take into their own hands the power to declare war, or to refrain from war. In that way, those who plan wars for territory, for power and for fame, will be restrained.

"If Jesus were here on earth, he would lead the common people to express their bravery in deeds of human helpfulness, to feed the hungry, to bind up the wounds of the men of another race, to share the productiveness of the soil and factory with the less favored, to give to all the chance for happy living.

"He would write those ideals into the future peace treaties—and make them stick!"

Dr. Sheldon has already begun a speaking campaign that bids fair to spread far and wide the fires of his crusade. His plan would unite the leaders of all religious faiths,—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish,—in the United States, to demand of the future peace-treaty writers certain fundamental principles, such as those expressed in this interview. He hopes to have these principles so widely accepted that the political leaders dare not ignore them.

Already he has been promised the support of numerous religious leaders and spokesmen. He told me of proffered co-operation on the part of Protestant and Catholic leaders. One Jewish rabbi said to him, "You may count on us. Our people have been the victims of war since our race began."

One thing is certain: here is a man not easily discouraged. He remembers that most of the publishers who read the manuscript of "In His Steps" turned it down as a bad risk. Dr. Sheldon will not take "no" for an answer so long as he thinks he is right. He's ready to turn the vigor and experience of his eighty-six years into a hard-hitting campaign. That campaign will be worth watching!



He took her soft hands in his and looked down on the palms, white in the faint light. "Let's see," he mused, "what could these little hands do? Sort mail, perhaps?"



## CARRY

**S**AM detested brainy women. He had this in common with all men, but all men don't admit it.

He kept looking at Ellen's lips. They were soft and full. She became conscious of his gaze and sucked her lower lip in briefly. It came out nice and shiny. Sam led her out on the balcony.

A slender young moon lay chastely in the damp spring sky. It looked extra pale there above the lights from the factory across the river. It made magic of Ellen's dark hair and gave extra depth to her dark blue eyes. It could even glamour up a rangy guy like Sam. He put his arms firmly around her and kissed her.

"I don't know you very well," she said by way of faint remonstrance.

He laughed. "We have one thing in common. We are both a part of the Jepson Manufacturing Company or we wouldn't be here. That is unless you are a relative of one of the boys for whom this farewell party is given."

"No relative," she smiled. "I'm just a newcomer to industry."

He took her soft hands in his and looked down at the palms, white in the



faint light. "Let's see," he mused, "what could these little hands do? Sort mail, perhaps? I know, you'd be a lovely receptionist. No one would mind waiting hours in the lobby."

"Are you reading my palm?" Ellen laughed.

"Partly."

"Then let me read yours."

"I'll bet your old black mammy taught you this down on the old plantation."

"I'm a Yankee," Ellen informed him. "But I'm amazingly good at this, anyway."

She took one of his hands in hers and tipped it up to the light. "I see by this palm that you are an engineer. You were farmed out to the Jepson Manufacturing Company by an Eastern firm whose name begins with V to make blueprints for tools for use on a new govern-

pillow a vicious punch. It was mighty bitter medicine to have to stay home and design tools for war plants, while others did the actual fighting. "Finish your job," the War Labor Board said. "Then maybe you can go." By that time the war might be over. Others would have fought for the right to shelter their women, while Sam was the man behind the man behind the gun.

Sam was at the plant a half hour early the next morning. Maybe if he got all the tool designs ready for this contract before something else turned up, they'd let him enlist. Especially if this new man O'Brian, the home office was sending out, proved to be any good. "I'm sending you some help," the old man had said over the 'phone, shouting a little as he always did, "M. E. O'Brian, who graduated from Mechanical Engineering School with the highest marks of any member of the class."

"Why didn't you get me a man with experience?" Sam asked.

"Where?" the old man shouted.

"You'll take what you can get as the rest of us do. You make a good man out of O'Brian and I'll let you join the Army." The old man actually chuckled.

## ON O'BRIAN



ment job which the Jepson Company has contracted to make."

"You're a Nazi agent," he accused, but he was pleased to know that she had taken the trouble to find out who he was. It showed she was interested.

One of the lanky young men from the office came charging out on the balcony then. "I'm supposed to look after you," he said to Ellen. "So I can't let you stand out here on the balcony with Sam Hammond. He's a woman hater. He'd let you catch cold—anyway."

She flashed Sam a gay and promising smile over the young man's possessive shoulder. Sam didn't even know her last name, nor what department she worked in, but he meant to look her up next day, and so resolving he went home to bed.

As he sought sleep he remembered how Ellen's nose crinkled when she laughed, and the way one eyebrow sometimes went up, adding a mischievous touch. She bore all the marks of a girl born to be sheltered. Funny how the war brought them out, or maybe it was noble. Putting soft hands to rough tasks in the common cause of democracy. Bothering their pretty heads with facts and figures.

Knowing this should make a man fight better, Sam turned over and gave his

That chuckle had sounded nasty. But if O'Brian was not absolutely hopeless Sam meant to make a good engineer of him if it killed them both. Surely this Irishman couldn't be a complete black-out or he wouldn't have headed his class.

The door to Sam's office opened now, and the doorway framed Ellen. It was sweet, but annoying that she should look him up now. He would have preferred to look her up.

She stuck out her hand, "Good morning," she said. "I'm M. E. O'Brian."

Sam's brows drew together. "You said last night your name was Ellen."

"It is—Mary Ellen."

Sam's face grew very red. He remembered the old man's chuckle. "Make a good man out of O'Brian—"

"I'll call you O'Brian," Sam said. "This is not a drawing room, but a drafting room. You can hang your hat over there where mine is."

Ellen tossed her felt on the rack, and, fumbling in her purse, brought out a pair of glasses with pinkish plastic rims.

"Don't put them on to hide from me," Sam said testily. "I'm only romantic in the moonlight."

"I'm near sighted," Ellen informed him. "Hope you don't mind."

Sam spread out a huge blueprint. "Now, if you think you can tell a tool

design from the design on a Persian rug you might take a look at this"

She leaned her elbows on the table and looked at the print for a moment.

"Well, O'Brian?"

"You're making go and no-go gauges, but I can't name the fixture." Her eyes took in the room then, two sides of which were covered with blueprints conveniently thumbtacked to the wall.

"It's a tailwheel assembly for a pursuit fighter," Sam explained. "The Jepson Manufacturing Company has a subcontract to produce these assemblies and they're having to retool. We are designing tools and gauges."

"I don't know much about actual machine operations," Ellen said, "but I learn quickly, and I want to work here." She looked down at the blueprint. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you who I was last night. I thought it was funny, but I can see now that it wasn't."

"I'm sure it was howlingly funny, and now that we've howled we'll forget it. You can use this drafting table, and the desk over there in the corner."

Sam's sense of disappointment lingered and grew. Her quick mind leaping to grasp his instructions infuriated him. Her impertinent straight little nose poking itself into man's affairs, and she had a brain as sharp as a hound's tooth. And such a girl had stood in the moonlight only a few hours ago and made fun of him.

The home office called Sam about ten o'clock, probably to get his reaction to O'Brian. "Tell them I've gone fishing," he told the girl at the switchboard. "Tell them I've eloped with a slide rule." He slammed up the receiver. "Let them can me!" He noticed a dimple then, although O'Brian never looked up. Sam jammed on his hat and went out into the shop.

By the time he got back he had worked off his ill-humor. He had arrived at a singleness of purpose. Get the job done and join the Army where he belonged. He didn't look at Ellen again, not directly anyway, but he barked at her. O'Brian figured the thus times, the so and so, got this and that, and found Mr. Whoozit.

"What we need here is a secretary," Ellen said after a while. "Then I could have completed some of this stuff for you."

"Your tasks are too menial, I suppose," Sam said.

Ellen flushed. "I'll do whatever you say. But I could help you more if you gave me a chance instead of keeping me running errands."

O'Brian was a climber, Sam told himself grimly. Just what he needed. Well, give her a chance. At least the secretary was a good idea. He called the office manager that afternoon and borrowed one of the company stenographers.

The secretary was a blonde named Patsy. "Just when I think I am getting a break to be working for the only single man in the organization, what do I have

to find but heavy competition." She grinned in comradely fashion at Ellen. Ellen smiled back.

Sam felt like a girl walking past a small town drug store and he did a slow burn. Other men were fighting in Africa while he was a decoy for lonesome stenographers.

Sam worked from seven in the morning until seven in the evening, and Ellen matched her hours to his. She didn't complain, but she soon looked tired.

"There's nothing to make you do this, you know," Sam told her. "You can work an eight hour day and then go home."

"I can take it if you can," she told him. "I realize we've got to get these things done so they can go into production. You can't shoot a Jap with a blueprint."

That evening he had a letter from his Draft Board. "Appear next Friday," it told him, "either for induction or reclassification."

If he could only wash up this job the boss wouldn't be able to get him reclassified. That night he went down and counted the designs yet to be completed, calculated time, then wrote a hurried note on Ellen's desk pad, and caught a midnight plane for the home factory. Maybe he still could trade Ellen O'Brian for a man assistant and be able to leave him in charge.

During the air trip he alternated between reclining in his chair dreaming about Ellen of the black hair and moonlit balcony, and sitting bolt-right and thinking about O'Brian of the glasses and the little flat-heeled shoes perched on the second rung of the drafting stool. If he didn't hurry O'Brian probably would join the WACS and beat him to the fighting front. She could probably out-manuever Hirohito with a slide rule. Outflank him with facts.

Sam charged into his boss's office before the old man had his hat off. "Listen," he said. "Get me a 4-F'er that I can leave in charge of that job. I want to start acting like an able-bodied man."

"Then stop being a sorehead. There's no way under the sun you could serve your country better. It's just your confounded ego prodding you to try to be a hero."

"All right, I want to be a hero then. You promised me when this job was finished I could go."

"I said when you made a good man out of O'Brian you could go. I meant it. We can't let the Army have one of our Engineers until he can be replaced. You can see that."

Sam had to return by train since all the plane seats were reserved on this trip for the armed forces. They know who's important in this war, Sam thought, as he piled on a west-bound train. In his coach were a trio of boys with minor injuries who had been sent home on sick leave from Africa. Sam looked out of the window. How they must despise a pencil pusher.

It was midnight when Sam got in, and he had a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich and went out to the plant. Might as well get in a couple of hours of work since he had wasted a whole day and couldn't sleep, anyway.

He climbed the stairs to the second floor where the drafting room was located. Someone had evidently left a desk light on, it shone brightly above Ellen's drafting table. Then he became aware of Ellen's dark head pillowed on her outstretched arm. She was sound asleep. The room had grown cold and she had slipped into a pair of coveralls

## ONE COPY

### *Does the Work of Twenty*

A copy of Christian Herald in the hands of a Chaplain increases its value manyfold as it is passed from one man to another. In the Solomons, in New Guinea, in North Africa, in Sicily and Italy, in Alaska, in Iceland—wherever our fighting men are, there, too, are their Chaplains, supplied with Christian Herald copies through the generosity of our readers. In the camps at home, on ships at sea, to have Christian Herald is a much-appreciated service. If you have not taken earlier opportunity to share in this great work, now is your chance. A dollar buys a Christian Herald subscription for a Chaplain—whether he is at home or abroad. Just write and send your gift to the Christian Herald Circulation Manager. He will select a chaplain from the many requests he gets—and see that copies are sent off as your gift, immediately.



Sam kept there for wearing in the shop. Sam watched her a moment quietly. There were shadows under her eyes that were not made by the sweep of her dark lashes. One slightly grimy hand still held a pencil, but it was relaxed and the fingers curled softly like a sleeping baby's in a canned milk advertisement.

Ellen's desk was covered with wadded scratch paper on which were her neat penciled figures. She had evidently struck a snag in her calculations. Sam picked up one of the wadded papers and straightened it out, frowning down at the figures and then at the blueprints. Ellen's eyes fluttered open. She looked sleepily at Sam, then sat up. She said,

"I got stuck, and tried to work it out for myself before you got back."

"You didn't have to figure it out tonight," he told her kindly. "We'll go down and get something to eat and then I'll take you home. It's nearly one o'clock."

"Oh, is it that late?" She jumped up and started shucking, revealing a rather crumpled dress. "I've got to get home right away."

"Sure you don't want to stop at Kelly's for a snack first?"

"Oh no. I should have been home hours ago." She grabbed her hat. "Good-night."

"Wait a minute. I'm taking you home."

"All right, be protective if you want to, but hurry."

Sam snapped off the light and raced after her down the stairs.

As they hurried along the street, Sam asked, "Did you just remember the roast in the oven?"

"I locked my youngest in the refrigerator," she said. "He had a fever."

This bit of sarcasm set him on a new train of thought. Maybe she was a war widow. For all he knew she might actually have a child at home.

They were at the door of her apartment now. "Good night again," she said. "And thanks for bringing me home."

"I don't suppose you have a spare cup of coffee that you would trade for a coffee coupon?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's so late."

"Then do you mind if I use your telephone to call a taxi. I live on the other side of town."

"Come in by all means. Otherwise you might think I'm hiding a Nazi spy."

It was a cramped little living room. It had the usual furnished apartment look, slightly modified by a book corner and some growing plants which graced a rather generous window. However, Sam did not see these things at once. What he saw was a slender fragile-looking old man asleep in a wheel chair, a blanket tucked over his knees and a tray on a small table by his side on which were some dirty dishes. He awoke and his blue eyes twinkled gayly at Ellen.

"I'm so sorry, Dad," she said, beginning swiftly to gather up the dishes. "You must be tired out."

"She worries about me," he said to Sam.

"Oh yes," Ellen said. "Dad, this is Sam Hammond, my boss. He came up to use the telephone."

"A likely story." Ellen's Dad winked. "Sam can talk to me while you fix us a bite to eat."

"It's so late, Dad."

"Well, you're both up, and I can sleep any time."

"Not a bad idea," Sam agreed. "First, I'll help Ellen carry these things to the kitchen." He followed her straight little

(Continued on page 55)



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## They speak for TEMPERANCE

### Statesman

**T**HE basis of a man's effectiveness in life lies in the way he directs the physical and mental equipment God gave him. That is his character, and it depends upon his self-management. Obviously, to let that equipment run wild wears down the control mechanism, and he finds it harder and harder to get done the things he dreams of doing.

That applies most specifically in these days of overeating, drunkenness, trashy reading and illicit sex relations. We have a tough job to do, and it will require all our staying power and stamina to do it. We have a powerful evil to fight and stamp out; that will require us to make of our talents a shining tool working at its highest efficiency. I am particularly aware of this, since some of the programs for which I am responsible have a good deal to do with *moral stamina*.

Failures in self-control are the greatest danger in our war effort. Some diversions a person had better cut out completely. Fighting and loss of temper we had better cut out. Save

**THIS** is the seventh of a series of statements on the liquor question written for *Christian Herald* by twelve outstanding leaders. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of *Christian Herald*.

BY CHARLES P. TAFT

that for the Japanazis. The writer of Proverbs had it right about another "diversion"; you can't monkey with sin and dissipation without a dark brown taste in your conscience.

As to drinking, I don't drink hard liquor myself and I don't like beer. I can see no reason whatever for getting "tight" at any time for any reason. A drunk makes a fool of himself, a thorough-going nuisance, a natural source of information for enemy spies, and sometimes a danger to everyone in his way. He is a disgrace to the uniform, if he wears one. I can think of no greater exhibition of weakness or interference with our individual war jobs. The easy philosophy that it is sound policy to go on a "bust" every now and then is a good example of the stupidity that sometimes afflicts occasional officers in the armed services of all nations. I suggest we leave that kind of relaxation to our enemies. We shall win our war only by continuous individual self-management.

By DOROTHY  
CANFIELD  
FISHER

## WANTED: *New Watchers*

**T**HE faithful watchers of our wartime skies have been warmly praised—and with good reason. All 'round the clock they have manned the observation post, scanning the airy spaciousness above our heads, protecting the safety of our nation by their well-trained, well-informed eyes and brains. What is it they have been set to do and have done with such success?

They were asked to know enough about the airplanes crossing the sky to be able to distinguish between those traveling with useful—or at least harmless intentions—and those whose presence meant danger. To do this, they were obliged to acquire a whole new body of information. After all, to ordinary people who have never thought much about the subject, one airplane looks very much like another. Those slight differences in details of construction and color—most of us ignored them in the quick upward glance we used to give when we heard the distant drone of propellers in the air. But those watchers, charged with a new responsibility, bent their minds to learn the varying shapes of wings, the different kinds of propeller roars, the general aspect and the details of airplane construction until they could distinguish with quick accuracy just what kind of flying machine had come into view.

It is my conviction that we need, quite as urgently, another kind of watcher, who to protect our lives must also be well-trained, informed and responsible. And that each one of us must be in charge of watching, identifying, reporting to headquarters and taking action upon the feelings, thoughts, desires and repulsions which constantly fly across his own individual horizon from the mysterious regions of unexplored human psychology. Which ones are useful, friendly, con-



structive, or at least harmless, of those impulses and instincts and emotions which in every waking moment sweep across our consciousness? Which ones are blackly dangerous, ready to blow our peace of mind to bits, or perhaps loaded with poison-gas, ready to contaminate not only our own lives, but the lives of all those who share daily existence with us? Some of the most ordinary and familiar of those impulses urging us to act are pestilential disease-spreaders, fooling us into letting them pass, because they are camouflaged to look innocent and natural. Some of them, if welcomed, carry us from passive egotism into creative joy. Some of them are sending danger-signals to us, vitally needed for our safety and the happiness of those dear to us; but unless we learn the code in which they are sent, we can never report them properly to headquarters—headquarters being our conscience, will-power and intelligence.

"Look out! look out!" they are perhaps signalling to us, that passing flare-up of angry exasperation on your part which seems to you so excusable, so unavoidable—that was no mere harmless spurt of steam from a safety-valve. That was dropping bombs on the great dam of self-control, constructed in you by the way your parents brought you up, by the standards of your civilized nation, by the habits inculcated all through your youth, by church, and school and public opinion. That dam *can be broken!* If too many bombs are dropped on it, it may break; and if it breaks—desolation and tragedy for all who live with you. But this message can be heard only by the informed ear, trained to attentiveness.

Yes, it is true that the practitioners of the new science and art of modern psychology are working hard to explore that unknown territory—the human personality. But the task is far too great to leave to that small band. They have pushed forward a few sketchily laid-out paths which, short, narrow, uncertainly located as they are, have immeasurably brightened the lives of those of us who study the findings of these explorers. As far as those findings go, they are useful in the extreme. But they are only a beginning.

A splendid beginning at that. The relations between parents and their children, between teachers and their young students, have been immensely clarified and blessed by these first tentative discoveries. A hundred years ago—that is a very short time in the history of the human race—a teacher finding a child in her class who seemed dull and indifferent, or excitably rebellious to necessary classroom discipline, would have thought the child really was irrevocably dull and indifferent, or "naughty."

Nowadays any teacher with the slightest modern training recognizes the inner meaning of some of the outward mark-

ings of personality, as naturally as our airplane spotters recognize the difference between a monoplane and a biplane. She knows that what seems mental dullness and indifference may be defective eyesight, poor hearing, marked malnutrition. She does not scold or whip or even reproach a child for indifference to his lessons, until she has found out something about his eyesight, his hearing and his diet. As for the rebelliously "naughty" child, she knows that his conduct is, as likely as not, due to a starved craving for recognition from the adults and children he lives with, and that his frantically troublesome "acting up in class" may be the only way he knows to secure his share of recognition as a member of the group.

### What Do You Know About YOUR BIBLE?

1. How long were the Israelites in Egypt?
2. Who was David's first wife?
3. With whom did Peter lodge in Joppa?
4. Whom does the Bible call the wisest man?
5. What New Testament preacher called his hearers "vipers?"
6. How many Beatitudes did Jesus pronounce?
7. Where was Jacob's well?
8. Name the first Christian deacons.
9. What vegetable was the basis of the pottage which Jacob gave Esau?
10. Who wrote the last Book of the Bible?

(Answers on Page 50)

Take a look at modern home-life—a young mother sees her three-year-old boy slyly try to pinch or hit his baby sister and when his mother checks him, he falls into an apparently murderous frenzy, kicking her, beating at her with his little fists, screaming out "I hate you!" The same thing happened probably to her great-great grandmother. Probably? Certainly, since water ran downhill then as now, and sparks flew upward from fires. What could her great-great grandmother think save that the three-year-old really did hate his mother? What could she do to prevent his injuring his baby sister, save to beat the three-year-old for being naughty, and threaten to beat him more severely if he did not become "good."

The modern mother, all except the most unenlightened among them, has stepped far enough ahead along the paths of understanding laid out by exploring psychologists, so that she grasps an apparent paradox with perfect ease. She knows that when her little boy, convulsed with a terrible emotion far beyond his power to control, kicks her with all his might, screaming out "I hate you!" it is because, in reality, he loves her pas-

sionately and desperately, because she and his father represent all that stands between him and desolation. She knows that the advent of the baby sister fills him with terror lest their protection—on which, a sure instinct tells him, he utterly depends—be lessened and withdrawn from him. The modern mother knows that manifestations of despairing love are not suitably treated by taking a whip in hand to beat the despairer. More love, more openly expressed, is what that child needs, not anger, blows and black looks of disapproving resentment.

So much has been found out for us by the professional psychologists, in their laboratories, at their observation posts. But that is rather as if the airplane spotters were told only to beware of black airplanes with large swastikas on them. There are in the strange manifestations of human psychology a thousand—a hundred thousand—impulses and motives full of moral poison-gas, which are camouflaged as friendly; and as many more full of precious seeds of health and moral vitality which pass through our minds and hearts unheeded, unutilized. Here is a field of exploration where the experts need our amateur help in collecting data from which to draw conclusions of life-and-death importance to humanity. They need our help because it is only from individual hearts and minds and personalities that such priceless data can be drawn. Observation from the outside such as professional psychologists give, will never provide more than lop-sided half-data. To be even approximately useful, observation from the inside will be needed, such as only each person can make, trying as honestly as he can to discern what it is which makes him act as he does.

Now since it is very difficult to observe what goes on in your heart and mind when you are excited or emotionally disturbed about something, it will be well to begin in small matters this practice of trying to perceive which are the inner springs to set us into action. Perhaps aversions in articles of diet are as easy to start with, as any. Let us observe a few, in ourselves and others. There are certainly plenty of them around in anybody's life. I had an old cousin, a Vermont farmer, of the meat-potatoes-and-pie variety. That diet has a historic tradition. It dates back a century or so to American frontier conditions, when wild meat was to be had for the hunting, flour (for the bread or pie) could be secured by carrying to the mill the grain you raised yourself, potatoes were grown between the stumps of the cut-down trees, and fruit for pie grew wild. As the gospel of a more varied diet slowly spread over our country, my old cousin opposed it with a bitter resistance. You'd have thought, to hear his resentful fury when the doctor tried to persuade him to eat less meat and more green vegetables, that his manhood was

(Continued on page 52)



Totem Poles were Old Alaska's Pride

By ALBERT  
LINN  
LAWSON

PEOPLE said he was "just plain dumb." They said he was throwing away the people's money, and that he ought to be stopped. But Secretary William H. Seward didn't care what people said or thought: in the year 1867 he paid \$7,200,000 for Alaska—or Russian America, as it was called then—and he let the people call it Seward's Folly and Congress call it Walrussia. He didn't even answer them when they said the money might just as well be thrown into the Arctic Ocean, so far as any return on the investment was concerned.

But last year the Alaskan fisheries alone produced many times the original cost of the Territory. Since 1867 the products of Alaska's mines have amounted to nearly eight hundred million dollars. And even if we had lost money on the deal, we ought to know now that Alaska is just about the most valuable strategic territory on the American Continent. That's why we have been reading of the Alcan Highway, running from Alberta to Fairbanks—the 1600-mile boulevard hacked out of solid rock, mosquito-infested swamp, bitter forest, ice, snow, mud and sub-zero temperatures. It is our highway to Tokyo—a six-month's miracle. It opens up one of the richest areas in the world, besides making the United States quite safe for democracy.



Mountains Scrape The Sky In The Land of Enchantment

# A L A S K A :

Yet—believe it or not—the average American is almost as completely uninformed on Alaska as were the Americans of Seward's day. We know more about the Philippines than we do about this nearest, largest, richest of our territories which will before long become our forty-ninth state. We think of it as a land of snowy, icy waste, over whose glaciers and snow-fields glide dog-sleds carrying gold-panners and trappers. And we're wrong.

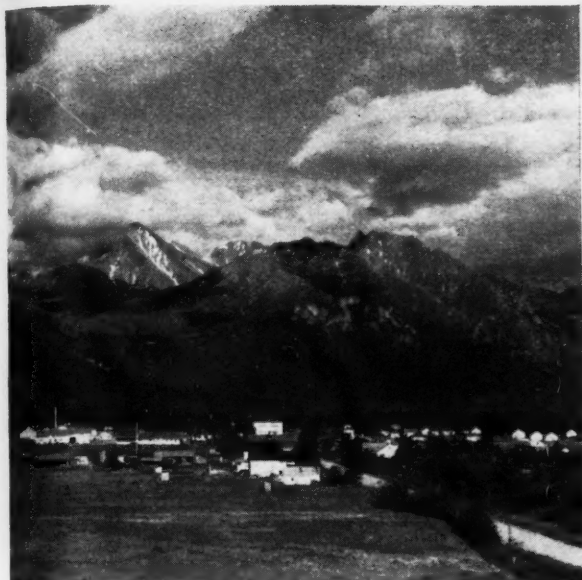
Alaska comes from the Aleut word "al-ay-es-ka," meaning "great land," and it is a great land in every sense. Its area is one-fifth that of the continental United States. If we could superimpose Point Barrow, its northernmost point, on Duluth, Minnesota, then Ketchikan, at the southern end of the Alaska Panhandle, would just about touch Charleston, South Carolina, while Attu Island, its western tip, would touch Los Angeles. Counting Alaska, then, San Francisco is only about halfway across the United States.

In this vast territory there are all imaginable varieties of soil and climate; there is gold in its mountains and valleys and its copper output grosses far more than its gold; there are new mines and unopened mines of nickel, tin, tungsten, chromite, and nickel hitherto inaccessible due to the lack of transportation that will now be taken care of by the Alcan Highway. Its rivers and lakes are teeming with fish while its valleys, of which famed Matanuska is only one, produce abundant crops, especially potatoes, turnips, cabbages and oats. An Eastern farmer realizes he has never seen oats until he has seen Alaska, for the grain up there weighs two or three times as much per bushel as the puny Eastern stuff. There

are giant cabbages a foot and more in diameter, potatoes as large as a man's two fists. Likewise, the flowers and fruit. There are pansies three inches across, asters six inches wide and gooseberries as large as marbles. Nature's treasure house!

As elsewhere along the Pacific Coast, that part of Alaska west of the Coast range has an entirely different climate from the rest of the country. There are no great extremes of heat and cold, but the rainfall is large. A recent cartoon in a New York newspaper depicted a Marine stationed near Sitka shivering in a driving blizzard, with ice and snow around him almost as deep as the Empire State Building; the caption read, "It is warmer in the Halls of Montezuma and the Shores of Tripoli!" The caption errs. There is no such severe weather at Sitka. The temperature there ranges from thirty-seven to eighty-seven degrees in summer, and from three to fifty-four degrees in winter; there is actually less cold and snow than in New York City. The climate of the whole Alaska West Coast is comparatively mild—less severe than in many of our northern states.

The older, settled parts of the territory have graveled roads and the chief towns are connected by buses. There is only one railway of any consequence—that from Seward to Fairbanks—but there are many bus lines. But the chief means of transportation in Alaska is the airplane. Several main routes connect the chief towns. Pan-American Airways had instituted a daily flight from Seattle to Seward; the Army took over that line after the outbreak of the war. There is also a regular plane flying from Juneau



The Primitive And The Modern Rub Shoulders In Matanuska Valley



Hidden Inlet Cannery Is Typical of Alaska's Leading Industry

# LAND OF PROMISE

to Fairbanks, via White Horse, and from Fairbanks to Nome. Almost every town, however small, is visited by passenger-carrying planes. The Alaskan uses the plane as casually as the mainlander uses an automobile. He thinks nothing of hopping a plane to go to the store for a pound of coffee, and passenger fares are comparatively cheap. From Seward to Dillingham, for example, is fifteen days by boat, but only eight hours by plane—and the fare is about the same one way as the other. Between Wiseman, well within the Arctic Circle, and Fairbanks, is two weeks by dog-team, but only one and three-quarter hours by plane—and dried fish for the dogs costs as much as the airplane fare. It is no wonder that Alaska is rapidly becoming the most

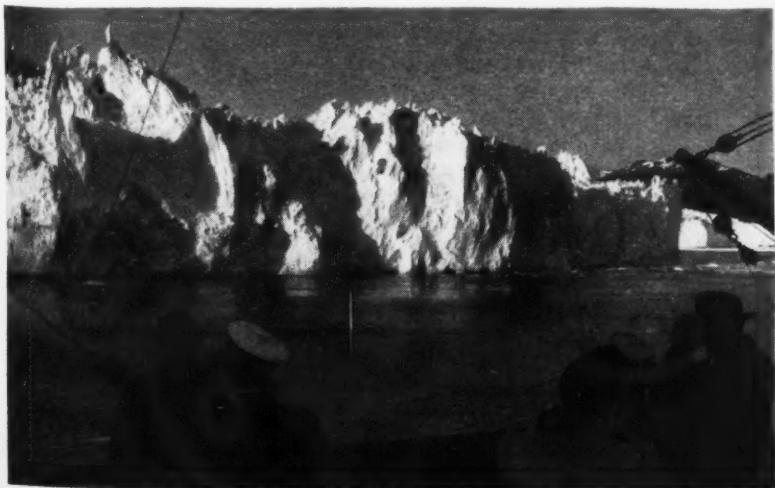
air-minded country in the world.

The people—i.e. the “sourdoughs,” not the newcomers—are characterized by typical frontier friendliness and open-handed hospitality. A stranger is given a hearty welcome; he is taken at his face value until he proves himself unworthy. The population is sparse—only 65,000 in all, including Eskimos—so that one values his neighbors and likes to be on good terms with them. An amusing instance of this trait is afforded by some of the broadcasts—yes, there are four broadcasting stations in the Territory, though the programs are mainly recordings—these programs are frequently interrupted by purely personal announcements, such as “Tell John Neil, prospecting somewhere along Kuskokwim, that

it's a girl,” or “Notify citizens along Uniak to watch for the bodies of two men drowned this morning.”

This is a kindly, hospitable people in a friendly land, where everybody works; there are no unemployed in Alaska, and the worker is highly respected. Only in the lately established Matanuska Colony are there a few young white collar “chachakos”—newcomers—who try to be superior, but no one pays any attention to them. The towns, on the whole, are fairly prosperous, especially since the devaluation of the dollar doubled the price of gold. The outsider is usually surprised to find that the towns are modern and well-built. An Alaskan town of 3,000 is a city, with buildings and improvements equal to those of a place of 30,000 in the eastern United States. The Territory maintains excellent schools, and every town has its churches, and those churches are well attended. For Alaskans are no longer the rough, “two-gun” characters depicted by Jack London and Rex Beach. The present-day population is quiet and peaceable; the old timers have become almost gentle.

Even in the isolated sections, where some old prospector or trapper lives alone in his log cabin, the same quiet friendliness is displayed toward any chance visitor. The trails are dotted with “rest cabins,” stocked with food and wood for the use of any traveler whose supplies are exhausted, or who may be trapped in a storm. Any traveler can use the cabin freely; the only requirement is that he replenish the supply of firewood before he leaves. Occasionally, along the more traveled roads, there are



Columbia Glacier Whispers Eloquenty Of Alaska's Evolution And Elemental Strength

(Continued on page 46)

# LIFE'S MOST DANGEROUS AGE

**W**HAT is life's most dangerous age? In a group of press representatives and church leaders some time ago the question was raised as to what could be done to prepare America against the spiritual perils of the present hour. Several of those present swung the point of the issue back to the children. Childhood, they maintained, holds the key to curing our social ills. Train a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it. Certainly childhood is the most plastic age and the perils which threaten early youth can hardly be exaggerated. Nevertheless, I do not believe childhood is life's most dangerous age.

If not childhood, then perhaps life's most dangerous age is the adolescent period when the budding powers of personality are branching out in all directions; or the years following when youth is leaving home for college or for work. Certainly that formative time when sons and daughters leave the safeguards of parental guidance is a period fraught with momentous risks and dangers. Yet I hardly believe that it is life's most perilous period.

Some years ago a minister in Ohio was appointed district superintendent of the Methodist Church, an office in which he was charged with supervising the work



## Sermon

It is easy to become so self-reliant that we cease to feel any dependence on God. Such self-reliance can easily become ruthless self-assertion

of some sixty fellow ministers. After taking his position he went to the bishop who had appointed him and said, "What shall I do to be of most help to my young ministers, for I assume, of course, that my most important and difficult task is to keep close to them." "Oh, no," replied the bishop, "your greatest care and help are needed not by the young ministers, but by the middle-aged." The bishop, I believe, was right. It is those of middle years who find their youthful goals still so far from attainment, those for whom the race has slowed down from a run to a walk, or perhaps those who feel so safe in their success that they are tempted to loosen the yoke of Christ and let down the standards. The conviction has deep-

ened upon me that life's most dangerous period is middle age. It seems justifiable to apply to life the words of the Psalmist and say there is "a destruction that wasteth at noonday."

The inability to carry the ideals and expectations of youth through middle age is one of life's most common phenomena. Insurance actuaries tell us how amazingly few of the young men who are running merrily at twenty-five pass the sixty-fifth milestone with financial colors flying. And the failure of financial hopes is only one of the minor casualties of maturity.

I am not minimizing the need of safeguarding the young. The work of the Boy Scouts and the Boy Rangers, of the

Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. cannot be too highly praised as part of our national defense at this time. I know how large a proportion of our criminals are young. Flagrant crimes occur with such tragic frequency in youth. The sins of middle age, on the other hand, are often sins of the mind. They are more subtle. They do not always land their perpetrators behind bars. Therein lies part of their added peril. Was that not why our Lord put such emphasis on the sins of the mind, like pride, selfishness and greed, rather than on drunkenness, murder, theft and the like? These latter flagrant sins breed their own resistance through the disgrace they entail. But the sins of

By

## RALPH W. SOCKMAN

the mind and spirit can go on doing their devilish work without loss of the sinner's respectability. Moreover, the sins of middle age are more socially destructive because by that time men are in places of power. Waywardness at the wheel of a ninety horsepower motor is more dangerous than waywardness on a lad's tricycle. A selfish corrupt person in a place of authority can do more damage than a dozen drunken derelicts. Moreover, in maturity we are inclined to be so smugly self-assured. Just when we feel safest, just when we are surest of ourselves—that is the time we most need to watch. And who is watching over us in middle age? When I meet the school teachers of America, as I did in Nashville and Cleveland, I am heartened by the thought of what good care youth is receiving. But in middle age teachers and parents are left behind. We ourselves have to be our own guardians.

Let us consider then, the "destruction that wasteth at noonday." Sometimes this deterioration affects the mind. We do not always remember how integral the mind is to what the Bible calls the good or godly life. It does not take a great mind to make a godly man, but it takes all the mind a man has. We cannot do right if we only have "half a mind to do so." We cannot be good workmen of Jesus Christ if we are mentally lazy. We cannot produce the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, and their like if we allow our minds to go to seed. Just to mean well does not make us followers of Jesus. Goodheartedness does not cancel or correct the errors of wrongheadedness.

And it is in the mind that the dangers of middle age often show themselves. It may be a hardening of the arteries of thought, which causes a loss of open-mindedness, a toughening of opinion into prejudice, preventing the flow of new ideas and the fair facing of unpleasant truths. When Christ confronted the men whose mental arteries had hardened, he set a little child in their midst and said, "Except ye be converted and become as a little child, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Have we lost that openmindedness and openheartedness of childhood?

This deterioration of the mind may appear as a narrowing of interests. Our age requires more and more specialization in our work. Hence our tendency is to become encrusted with a shell of professionalism which shuts out broadening cultural and social interests. We must beware of what the late Bishop Quayle called "the sin of being uninteresting," which is due to being uninter-

ed. The person who is interested in others is interesting to others. To stretch our interests to those beyond our little personal and professional circles, to keep us concerned for the Kingdom of God while we are practicing medicine or selling insurance—that is a reason for religion and the Church.

Or this "destruction that wasteth at noonday" may show itself in a loss of mental enthusiasm. To try to work without enthusiasm is like trying to carve a delicate statue with a dull hatchet. But if our interests are cen-



### CREATE A LIVING MEMORIAL FOR YOUR LOVED ONES

By endowing a cot in perpetuity. Invest \$500 in the life of a slum child. Cot endowment funds are put into bonds and the income from them insures vacations for underfed children. When you make your will remember the children who have no inheritance—not even the heritage of good health.

#### FORM OF REQUEST

"I give and bequeath to The Christian Herald Children's Home, a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars to be applied to the uses of the said charitable corporation."

Signed by \_\_\_\_\_

tered in nothing larger than our own work and personal success, then middle age is bound to mean a waning of enthusiasm, for eventually we all pass the peak of our productive powers. But can we not learn what the late Lord Tweedsmuir said about the years after we pass our physical peak? He said that when you are going downhill, the long vistas are in front of you, but when you are going uphill you have to turn around to see the long views. A thought worth pondering, isn't it? So to live that life looks longer and larger ahead when we are going down the hill of the years; so to live that our memories can be capi-

talized to draw interest for our tomorrows; so to transfer our interests from self to larger concerns that will live on after we are gone—that is the secret of the good and godly life.

Let us guard against "the destruction that wasteth at noonday" in the mind. Let us be done with the misleading old adage that "you can't teach an old dog new tricks." I have known some old dogs to learn plenty of bad new tricks; and by the same token they can learn good new ones. Mature minds are teachable. Let us learn from the Master Teacher that men can be born again when they are old.

Secondly, "the destruction that wasteth at noonday" may affect the conscience. Sickness of conscience is so subtle that it can go on for a long time without discovery. An ailing tooth cries out for treatment, but a decaying conscience gives no pain. We never get used to breaking our bones. A fracture at fifty is even more painful than at fifteen. But we can get so used to breaking the Ten Commandments that after a while we feel no sense of guilt. When we lose our physical vision we get glasses; but when we lose our moral vision we sometimes fool ourselves into thinking that we see more clearly than when we were young. I know a man who once had a conscience as sensitive as a Kodak, so that he could take a snapshot of a moral wrong; but now he is so dull of moral vision that he can take a time exposure of the most flagrant evil and register only a blurred impression. And the irony of it is that he now prides himself that he is a man of the world who can see through things better.

The very fact that the middle years are the period of achievement make them a perilous time. There are certain sins which go with success and accomplishment. It is easy to become so self-reliant that we cease to feel any dependence on God. Such self-reliance can easily become ruthless self-assertion. Having made our way we lose sympathy for those who do not make theirs. In his pride and self-confidence a man may think himself safe in brushing aside the moral principles taught him in his youth; and all too common is the man of middle years who plays fast and loose with marital vows.

We are startled when we behold conspicuous examples of these moral collapses of middle age. We think, for instance, of the brilliant Francis Bacon who rose to become Lord Chancellor of England and then fell, convicted of bribery and corruption, living the last five years of his life a disgraced man. But we think that could not happen to us. Perhaps it is better, therefore, to look at ourselves and see what has happened to us. Back in the Victorian era a mature woman brought out an early portrait of herself and, gazing at it, was prompted to write these lines:

(Continued on page 55)

By ANNE  
TEDLOCK  
BROOKS

KATHERINE, looking at Bruce Douglas, saw a tall young man with grey eyes and brown, sunburned hair, a wholesome look on his finely chiseled features, wide shoulders and tapering waist.

"How was the game this afternoon?" Henry asked from the sink, where he was washing his hands.

"Fair. But our team may get a drubbing next time. I pulled the first team out and let the second string get in for a few minutes."

"Mr. Douglas is the new coach," Dianthe explained quite unnecessarily. "Oh, I knew that we'd win today!"

Katherine moved toward the door, "I'll be down to help you in a few minutes, Mother."

"Kitty—you're in with me," said Dianthe.

Katherine picked up her overnight case and walked into the little hall and toward the stairs. It was a shame that this man had come to stay with them, she thought. She heard a quick step behind her.

"I'll carry your bag, Miss Carson." Douglas reached out a brown hand and grasped it.

She let go of the handle submissively. No good to resent him, for she supposed that the family did need more money.

"You're at the Chandler Hospital?" he asked, making conversation.

As if he didn't know! Katherine mused that he probably knew more about her by this time, than she did herself. Her family hadn't written that he had come to stay with them; he couldn't have been here for more than two weeks. Yet, he seemed perfectly at home. Little Miss Smythe had been with them for two years, and the two young men, brothers, who worked in the mills, came in soon after her father's accident. This made four outsiders in the house. Katherine was silent as she and the new boarder climbed the stairs, saying only a polite little "thank you," as he set the bag in Dianthe's room at the end of the hall.

Katherine closed the door of the room and sat down before Dianthe's dressing table. She leaned her head on her young arms and felt a sense of defeat. It had been growing and growing within her and now it engulfed her painfully. It was not the boarders or the careful cheerfulness of her mother; she had not admitted, even to herself, the causes of this feeling. But now she faced it squarely. Stephen. He was so close to her when she was at home.

Stephen, I thought I could work with you and be near you without it mattering

# If STARS were Leaves

## [PART THREE]

*Synopsis* When Katherine Carson was seventeen, her father injured his back, becoming bed-ridden. That left her mother, younger brother Henry, baby Dianthe and grandfather to manage for themselves at their home in Delmain, a Missouri small town. The father was treated by Dr. Chandler, next-door neighbor, whose son Stephen, a medical student, is a good friend of the Carsons. Katherine is in love with Stephen. Through him she attends nurses school. Upon graduation, Stephen, now a surgeon at the Delmain hospital, invites her to join the staff. She accepts. Soon she learns that while she was at school, Stephen had become engaged. This is a terrible blow to her, but she hides her emotion. Later, she spends a week-end at home to discover her mother has taken in another boarder, Bruce Douglas, who takes an instant fancy to her. Now go on with the story.

too much . . . but I didn't know then how much I loved you.

She brushed a hand across her eyes, and rose steadily, determined to thrust these things from her mind and to make her evening with the family a cheerful one.

She had been wearing uniforms so much that it seemed good to be wearing a blue woolen dress with bright buttons marching up the front. She tied one of Dianthe's white tea aprons about her slender waist and went downstairs.

Dianthe was setting the long table in the dining room and her sister joined her. The good white china made a pretty picture against the pastel yellow of the cloth, and Dianthe had cut some flowers for the center of the table.

"Isn't Mr. Douglas nice?" asked Dianthe, sighing romantically. "I think we are very fortunate to have him. Kitty, have you seen Stevie lately? I mean, of course, besides at the hospital?"

"Why, no," Katherine answered, trying to sound casual.

"Mrs. Chandler said that his fiancée—she pronounced it carefully—"is coming to Delmain to visit them next week."

Katherine's heart began to pound, and her fingers trembled on the thin stem of

the goblet she was holding. "That is very nice," she said.

Dianthe turned her bright head to look at her sister. "I used to think that some day—" she broke off and Katherine did not encourage her to go on with her sentence. She knew what Dianthe had thought.

The kitchen was a riot of wonderful odors. An apple cobbler with its buttery spiced juices stood cooling on the top of the oven. A big roast surrounded by young carrots and browned potatoes was ready to be served. Savory gravy sent up its steam from a saucepan. Henry, Jr. closed his eyes and sighed in ecstasy. Susan Carson was taking some golden brown muffins out of the oven. "It's too good for the likes of us, Mom," said Henry.

Dianthe said flippantly, "Speak for yourself, John. And how about setting the chairs in place?"

"Oh, I've got to take care of the milk. Di. Old Floss gave two gallons tonight, if she gave a pint," he said proudly. "Smart thing, buyin' that cow." He hurried to the back porch, with the brimming pail in his hand.

A few minutes later everyone was



"I'll carry your bag, Miss Carson." Douglas reached out a brown hand and grasped it.

*Illustrator* PHIL BERRY

seated in the dining room except Katherine, who insisted on waiting on the table. She kept the water glasses full and passed the muffins, keeping them warm with a snowy napkin. Conversation was sprightly.

The little old lady, Miss Smythe, kept addressing remarks to Katherine for verification. "Don't you think so, Miss Carson?" she ended most of her statements.

Katherine very politely agreed with her and once caught the eyes of Bruce Douglas upon her. They were filled with easy laughter, while his face remained unchanged. Why—he's enjoying my discomfiture, Katherine thought.

"What," she asked of him, "do you enjoy in music, Mr. Douglas?"

Her dismay was complete when Dianthe trilled, "Oh, you must play for Kitty, Mr. Douglas!" and he nodded in agreement. Katherine saw a long evening ahead, dismal with formality, and she surreptitiously prodded her sister's shoulder with her index finger.

After the others went into the living room, she and Dianthe cleared the table. Her mother was running a boarding house. The family had no freedom—no freedom from Miss Smythe, the young coach who was probably homesick and who ought to be out this evening with one of the pretty young schoolteachers. Katherine interrupted her silences long enough to utter an absent "yes" or a polite "no" to Dianthe's chatter.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Kitty, what on earth is the matter with you?"

"Why, nothing—"

"But, Kitty," Dianthe wailed, "you used to tell me about the hospital and the interesting patients and the new doctors. You haven't said a word excepting to answer questions all evening."

Katherine leaned over and placed her cheek against Dianthe's. "I didn't mean to be that way—let's see, now, what shall I tell you first?"

"Well, I'm dying to hear about Peggy Riley and the doctor who's in love with her," Dianthe said.

Katherine asked in astonishment, "Whatever in the world—wherever did you hear that?"

"Oh," said Dianthe, "I really do get around a little. Dr. Gregory is our school doctor, you know. And Miss Riley was his assistant the last time he gave us a physical check-up. Anyone could see they were in love."

Katherine's young laughter pealed out. "You romantic girls! Peggy Riley is not in love with Dr. Gregory. At least—" she amended, "I didn't know it!"

"Sometimes," Dianthe said solemnly, "I think you are awfully blind."

The telephone rang in the lower hall and she rushed to answer it. "It's for you, Kitty. A man's voice," she said dramatically. "A deep, interesting voice like that of Dr. Stephen Chandler, Jr."

Katherine restrained her smile as she wiped her hands. Her heart jerked as she hurried into the hall. Two years ago, if Stephen had wanted anything, he'd have merely run up the road, cut through the yard and not even have bothered to knock at the back door. But now he must telephone.

"Kit? Would it be intruding," he asked formally, "for me to come in and spend a little time with your family this evening. Like old times, Kit?"

Like old times, Kit. But Old Times were gone, and new times were upon them. New times which did not seem half as pleasant or exciting as the old ones. But she said breathlessly, "Of course, Dr. Chandler."

"Rats!" said Stephen. "If you're going to adopt that attitude, I won't come. I'll stay here and play chess with my shadow. Father's gone to a director's meeting and Mother's at a lecture for the edification of something or other. Is it going to be Stephen, or do I die of loneliness?"

"All right, Stephen," she laughed. "you win. I was just trying to remember hospital rules, you see."

"We don't have to observe them, I hope, when we're out here in the country. I'll be with you in a minute."

He whistled the old familiar signal, "Bob-white! bob-white!" and there he

was. He slammed the screen noisily and said, "Di! You're getting prettier by the day. Run on, now, and get to your knitting!" He untied her apron and motioned her away.

"Oh, thanks, Stevie," she said and gave over the tea towel with a flourish her eyes saying, "This may be Dr. Stephen Chandler, Jr., promising young surgeon—but he's just Stevie to me."

Katherine realized that these two had developed a friendly companionship, and she knew that he had continued his evening calls in her absence. It was a comforting thought.

"I've been so anxious to ask you about your work in London," she said.

"Oh, not tonight, Katherine. Let's not talk shop. Let's just say that it was a fairly successful trip, and that I accomplished what I set out to do—but there are not many calls for that kind of work in Delmain."

A fear that had been smoldering for a long time leapt into insistent attention. "Do you plan to remain here?" she asked.

He lifted his head in surprise. "Of course. Father has always expected me to work in Delmain. Oh, there's not much money, very little chance of making a fortune or becoming famous. But I like Delmain."

"But spinal surgery, Stephen, I thought you wanted to be a specialist!" she protested. "Your record is wonderful."

"If all of us became specialists," he said lightly, "then there wouldn't be anyone left to do the general practicing that is needed so badly." He carefully stacked

the plates on the small white table as if it were the most important thing in the world. Precision and dexterity, said those long, slender fingers. Dexterity that was needed in surgery, precision that was the particular need of the specialist in spinal surgery.

What had happened to Stephen's ambition?

A little frown appeared on Katherine's face. *What had happened to him?* She wanted to cry out at him and say, "Why are you giving this up? What are you going to do with your life?" Not, she added fiercely to herself, that it is any of my business. But she had thought that he would be one of the finest surgeons in the country. That was what she had wanted for him. For that was what he had wanted for himself.

She asked quietly, "When did you decide all of this?"

"I knew that I'd hear from you sooner or later. So we might as well get it over with." He again spoke lightly, but she knew that he was displeased with her question.

"I'm sorry, Stephen. Let's not discuss it. I only wanted what I thought was a very brilliant future for you."

"You and Mother! And Father, too, to a certain degree. I'm glad that Rosalind sees differently." It was the first time he had spoken his fiancée's name to Katherine and she felt the sound of the name like a sharp-edged knife.

Rosalind Winthrop, Early American Winthrops, Baltimore beauty and money. Katherine felt a wall rising between her and Stephen. Rosalind saw differently... yes, Rosalind would. Katherine tried to be fair to her. But Rosalind had never scrubbed floors in a laboratory as a probationer; Rosalind had never worked all day and studied late at night to get a nurse's cap. Katherine was getting things all mixed up now, and she had better stop thinking before she began to cry—not for herself really, but for the boy who had intended to be a surgeon, specializing in spinal work.

"How is your mother?" she asked, to change the subject to safer channels.

"Oh, you know that Mother never gets enough rest. Always some kind of club meeting needing attention. She really does too much, and I'm going to give her orders to slack up this winter. But you—Kit, how do you like your work? Not that we were going to discuss shop, you remember! We always seem to get on to it, though. I've wanted to see you before now."

His dark eyes studied her. There was something about Kit. He couldn't just put his finger on it, but she looked rather pale, and thinner, too. She had been very pretty last winter and looked lovely when he first came home, but the radiance that always seemed to envelop her was gone.

He opened the door and they stepped out in the moonlight.

(Continued on page 61)

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 32



"How is your mother?" she asked, to change the subject to safer channels.

By

WILLIAM

L. STIDGER

VACHEL LINDSAY and I were sitting before my fireplace in Kansas City a few years ago; we talked of many things—of God and man, poetry, music and art. I was startled to hear him say, "Bill, the trouble with you preachers is that you do not seem to appreciate the importance of missions. You don't get the *poetry* of missions, the daring adventure and the practical down-to-earth quality of the work those missionaries are doing on the foreign field. You talk too much in terms of statistics, figures and movements, forgetting the romance of missions."

"Perhaps you're right. But what made you bring that up?"

"Because I have just written a poem on missions." Then he gave me a private first reading of one of his greatest poems; he called it "Foreign Missions In Battle Array." (See the poem on page 34. Ed.) I think I have never been more deeply impressed by any poem, any work of art. The fact that a poet like Vachel Lindsay was so driven to write such a poem also impressed me. And now, during these war days, with Lindsay long since gone on to his reward, I am constantly being reminded of the almost universal fulfillment of his prophecies.

Now, most of us know the issue; we know the "final ending" of which he spoke, and we know that our hope is not so wild as we once thought it was. We know, or we should know, that missions are experiencing a great rebirth while the war yet rages; when that war is over, the missionary shall have come into his own in a manner to exceed our wildest Christian dreams.

An American soldier was recently sent to India and billeted in an American missionary's home; he is Royal Bisbee, and I know him well. When he left that home, he handed the missionary twenty-five dollars with the words: "I never had so much respect for missions in my life as I have now. I've seen you folks in action. I've lived in your home. It's the nearest thing to life at home that I've seen, and I'm making a pledge right now to send you a regular contribution so long as I live. So help me, I will."

Another American boy wrote a letter to a missionary in whose home he had stayed after he landed in Burma; he wrote: "From now on I'm laying aside five dollars a month from my pay for missions. I am being sent away tomorrow. I'm going to give you fifty bucks,



# They Conquer WITHOUT ARMS



TO CARRY THE WORDS AND FAITH OF  
CHRIST TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH  
IS THE GREATEST CHRISTIAN ADVENTURE

and that will 'pay me up' for a long time. When I get to another station I'll find me a missionary and start paying him every month. When I get home I'll pay it through the church. I'm converted to this missionary business from now on. I used to be indifferent to missions, although I was raised in a Presbyterian church. In fact I used to dodge going to church when I knew that there was to be a missionary there—but never again! I'm all for missions now that I have seen you in action."

Yes, our attitude toward missions and missionaries is being reborn in this war.

A Methodist layman from the mid-west got a letter from his son telling him that he had been staying with a missionary, but that the censor would not permit him to tell his parents where he was. However, he added: "Yesterday I had dinner with Bishop Springer."

That Methodist immediately wired to the Methodist Mission Board in New York and asked them where Bishop Springer was located at that time; the board wired back that he was stationed in Africa—and the father knew where his son was located. Later that father said to a friend of mine: "My son said that he had never been treated so wonderfully in all his life as Bishop Springer had treated him, and that he soon discovered that the bishop had more power and influence in that part of Africa than the Government had; he had a new respect for the power of missions in international life, and so far as he is concerned, they will never have to make any speeches to get him to support missions after what he had actually seen in Africa."

No matter where these boys of ours are sent—to Africa, Iceland, China, Burma, India, or the South Sea Islands—they will find that the missionaries have been there for a hundred years or more making the way easy for them by having already won the respect and affection of the natives through medicine, sanitation, prayers, evangelism and service.

One native in Singapore said to a friend of mine who decided to remain behind, even though his Methodist bishop had ordered him to evacuate: "You missionaries are all that we have left. The Japs have burned our homes, taken all of our property; our friends are scattered; we never needed you so much as now."

Johnny Maxfelder is a young Jewish friend of mine. He is married to an Irish Catholic girl. He has two small sons. Johnnie went into the Navy the day after Pearl Harbor, although he had served in the last war; within a few months he was on Guadalcanal. Last week his wife showed me a letter which Johnnie had written her, and this is what he said: "I'm a Jew and you're a Catholic, but when I landed on this hot tropical island the only clean, decent place I could find was a missionary's home; they

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 34



## FOREIGN MISSIONS IN BATTLE ARRAY

An endless line of splendor,  
These troops with heaven for home,  
With creeds they go from Scotland,  
With incense go from Rome.  
These in the name of Jesus  
Against the dark gods stand;  
They gird the earth with valor,  
They heed the King's command.

Onward the line advances,  
Shaking the hills with power,  
Slaying the hidden demons,  
The lions that devour.  
No bloodshed in the wrestling,—  
But souls new-born arise—  
The nations growing kinder,  
The child-hearts growing wise.

What is the final ending?  
The issue can we know?  
Will Christ outlive Mohammed?  
Will Kali's altars go?  
This is our faith tremendous,  
Our wild hope who shall scorn,—  
That in the name of Jesus  
The world shall be reborn!

By

VACHEL LINDSAY



have been wonderful to me. I go there at least once a week for dinner and they have taken me in as though I were their own son. I feel as though I had always been a part of their family. This man is a doctor, and the natives come from miles around to his clinic. He takes care of all of them and he never thinks of charging them a cent. That looks funny to me as a Jewish boy, Jane, but, I am beginning to understand it. At first I tried to make Dr. Jones see that they were working him, that he was an easy mark; but I soon saw my mistake and now it is all clear to me. He's a Christian, and he almost persuades me to be one too, the way he lives without thought of himself. I told him last week that he could count on me to send him ten dollars a month out of my pay as long as I'm here, and do you know what he did? He said I'd have to send it through our board when I got back to the States. He wouldn't even take my money!"

It all reminds me of the experience that my naval lieutenant nephew had in one of the Solomon Islands early in the war. He was walking along a beach when a sun-burned man dressed like a native called out to him: "Hello, Buddy. Where you from?"

My nephew thought the man was a native, but he soon learned that he was a Yale graduate and a missionary who had been in the islands for ten years. That night he found himself eating dinner in the missionary's home, and as he wrote me: "It was a whale of a dinner—just like mother used to cook; it even tasted like home! Boy, I'm for missions! The only spot that looks like home on these islands is the compound of the missionaries. And when you get into one of these compounds in a foreign land it's like catching a sight of the American flag. It brings a lump into your throat and a mist into your eyes. These missionaries are our American outposts and we've never found an island where we haven't found them there ahead of us. In fact they've been here for fifty years."

But there's an even wider sense in which foreign missions are being reborn in the heart of the American nation; that is illustrated in a piece that a famous columnist recently wrote—David Lawrence in "Today in Washington." He was talking about Madame Chiang Kai-shek's address in Madison Square Garden in New York City. He took his entire column that day to say to millions of American readers:

"What a strange if not mystic lesson the wife of the Generalissimo is teaching in recompense, perhaps, to the America of more than sixty years ago that gave hospitality and inspiration to her father. And what a wonderful thing it would be if the same inspiration could come now to the statesmen who are again promising to redeem mankind!"

That was not a preacher, a bishop or even a missionary talking. It was a hard-

boiled newspaper man. And the thing that had caused him to talk like a preacher was the fact that he had just unearthed the story of how Madame Chiang's father had come ashore in this nation sixty years ago; of how a Methodist layman had taken that boy into his own home, raised him, educated him, sent him to college, brought him up in a Christian home. He was talking about how that college graduate had finally gone back to China to become one of China's richest merchants, and how he had backed Dr. Sun Yat Sen and helped him to overthrow the Manchus and bring the Chinese Republic into existence. He was talking about how that father had become the parent of the Soong sisters and Soong brothers who are now running China. Lawrence had discovered what all America is discovering these war days—that one hundred of the great leaders of China today are products of our mission homes, schools and colleges; that the inspiration of the New China came out of American missions.

When you get a hard-boiled newspaper columnist preaching missions, it is as unusual as finding our American boys on the far-flung battle-fronts of the world revolutionizing their attitudes. And no wonder they are all reversing their attitudes. We are just beginning to discover, through this war, what basic foundation work for international peace the missionaries have been laying for over one hundred years; their work is at last bearing fruit in these desperate days.

Recently I had the good fortune to talk with a great missionary who had lived in the home of the Generalissimo; here is an intimate story he told a group of us about the Generalissimo, the Bible and worship in that home:

He told us that each morning, no matter how busy the Generalissimo is with war affairs, he always takes a half hour from five to five-thirty every morning for Bible-reading and devotion. He starts every day at home or on the battlefield in that manner, and he always comes out of those silent meditation periods with a light shining in his face, his kindly eyes twinkling.

One morning Madame Chiang Kai-shek heard him pacing up and down his room talking out loud, going over and over something which he seemed to be memorizing. She knocked and slipped into his room and found him with a Bible in his hands walking up and down his room patiently memorizing one of the Psalms.

She said to him: "What in the world are you doing?"

"I'm memorizing a chapter of the Bible."

"But why do you take time to do that when you always have a Bible to carry with you?"

"I do it because I want these great truths to be *inside of me*; to be a part of my memory and mind. There will be many times when I am on trains, in an

airplane, in a mountain retreat, and I will not have my Bible with me. I want this Bible inside."

I think I know what Chiang Kai-shek meant when he told his wife that he wanted those Bible quotations to be "inside." He meant what an advertising friend of mine in Boston wrote into a four-line verse recently when he came home out of a Boston blackout and saw the lights of his own home shining through the lowered blinds:

*When evening comes and shadows fall,  
And darkness hovers over all;  
When dimmed out, dreary hours begin,  
Thank God we've still the light within.*

That's it: "The Light Within." Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang Kai-shek—they have that "light within"; they have the "faith tremendous," the "great hope, who shall scorn, that in the name of Jesus, the world shall be reborn."

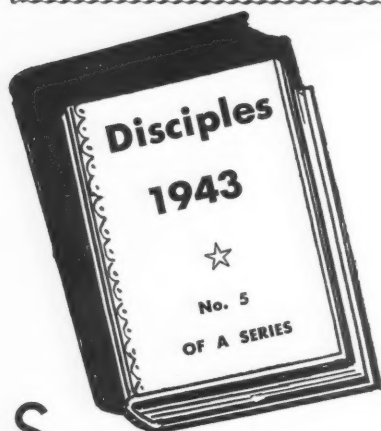
One dramatic illustration of this "light within" testimony came out of the Madison Square Garden address by Madame Chiang Kai-shek which most reporters entirely missed, and that was the note of personal testimony, unabashed and unapologetic from that great cultured Chinese woman-statesman. We have heard some of our politicians and statesmen talk *about* religion and *about* God, as if that was the thing that was expected of them by history and tradition. They always manage to "drag God in," as I heard one reporter put it. I am not now trying to criticize that recognition of God; I am simply saying that when this frail, porcelain-like woman spoke, her eyes flashing, her voice ringing with sincerity that we all felt that she was giving an old-fashioned testimony to the plate that religion and Christ have in her inner life. It sounded a good deal like the testimonies we have all heard in old-time prayer meetings, only this particular prayer meeting took in the whole world by radio short-wave. This woman stood up and testified that Christ had done something for her mother, her father, her husband, herself, her nation—and there was the ring of sincerity in it. It was no official sop to religious people. It was no stately statesman's gesture of diplomacy. It was a down-to-earth, simple, unaffected almost naïve and childlike testimony to the fact that Christ and His way of living, thinking, dying, had done something to the inner lives of two generations of Chinese leaders.

This avalanche of testimony to "The Faith Tremendous" which is at the very heart of our individual missionaries and the whole missionary movement is not confined to American soldiers who are seeing the results of missions for the first time at firsthand, or to such world leaders as the Chiangs. It is getting into the movies; soon you'll be seeing "Keys of the Kingdom" on the screen. You will be reading "Burma Surgeon," a best-seller

(Continued on page 62)



Cashier John Yost (extreme left) and staff have "Devotions" every week-day morning before First National Bank opens for business. There are hymns, scripture reading, poems and "a thought for the day". Depositors and townsfolk are invited—and they come!



**S**EVEN years ago the First National Bank of Pikeville, Kentucky, was just another small-town bank. Then Cashier John Yost began shattering all banking precedents and violating most of the known rules as to how a bank should behave.

Breaking away from the stiff and starched atmosphere of the average bank, Mr. Yost serves soft drinks, coffee and doughnuts to his patrons. He provides a lobby and a lounge where people can meet their friends, lounge in easy chairs, read newspapers and magazines.

Several years ago he was forced to take

over for the bank a small acreage of land on which the owners had defaulted payments; instead of throwing it back on the market and unfreezing the bank's money, he planted the acres in gladioli. People were stunned at such reckless use of a bank's assets; they predicted disaster. But they sang a different tune when gladioli bouquets began to go to every sick man, woman and child in Pikeville. Later there were hollyhocks; later came bouquets for wedding anniversaries, birthdays and other red letter days.

Some folks say that business and religion don't mix—ever! But John Yost finds that the customers on whom business must depend have a very human way of reacting to this application of religion. As a result of his program of goodwill the bank's patronage has increased at a phenomenal rate. The bank's assets have doubled to present total resources of \$2,264,072; in a town of 4500 it has 5,000 accounts.

## Prayer Meeting at Eight

By Ross M. Holman

Another Christian service (Yost calls it that, and he's right) rendered by the bank is found in the lending of money to penniless boys and girls of worthy character, to be spent on a college education. John Yost insists that integrity is better collateral than that which is measured in dollars and cents. He hasn't yet lost a cent on those educational loans.

But the most startling and original innovation of all at First National is the morning prayer-meeting. Every morning at eight, Mr. Yost and his employees engage in Bible reading, hymn singing and inspirational talks. The public is invited, and the public comes! A Hammond Electric organ plays all day long in this bank, and folks drop in as much to listen to that beautiful music as to deposit their money.

Here is pure and applied Christianity. Who says religion and business will not mix? Pikeville knows better!

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 36



# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. ARCHER WALLACE

SEPTEMBER, 1943

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

### WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

#### THE MONK AND THE EVANGELIST

"HE IS A NEW CREATURE"

READ II CORINTHIANS 5:14-21

WHAT striking resemblances there were between the monk, Francis of Assisi and the Baptist preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon. Both men were led to Christ by the same Scripture passage, both preached the Cross with passionate emphasis, both became soul-winners of amazing power and neither was remotely interested in the accumulation of worldly possessions. At first sight one might wonder how two men belonging to church organizations so very different and living six centuries removed could have much in common. Yet with each, Jesus Christ came first and the resemblance is explained at once.

*Hearken, O God, to our prayers and answer them according to Thy mercy and Thy wisdom. Amen.*

### THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

#### HOW TO BE TRULY RICH

"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS"

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:18-23

It is of no avail simply to tell a man to cease worrying and leave him there. What he needs is a newer and greater affection in his life. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." When men grasp the significance of this, and their whole life is entered in Christ, then the lesser things rank themselves in their right place, and "The glory that excellet outshines the seducing brightness of the paltry present." When Christ comes in, fear and anxiety depart. Riches, poverty, health, disease, life or death; these things do not shake the soul that really puts God first.

*Father, grant us Thy grace in such a measure that we shall crave nothing else. Amen.*

### FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

#### SWEET INSIDE

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU"

READ LUKE 17:20-30

THE natives of Nigeria say that "to be happy is to be sweet inside." This is just where Jesus laid the emphasis. The Kingdom of God is within you. There

PAGE 37 • CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943

are thousands of people seeking satisfaction but not finding it. A visitor to a famous health resort on the Atlantic coast gave his impressions recently: "The thing which impressed me above everything else was the utter weariness and dissatisfaction of the over-fed, over-dressed throngs of people." Human happiness does not lie in these outside things. They have no more power to give peace than a soft couch can ease a fevered body. Happiness comes from within. It is being sweet inside.

*Lord, if we have not Thee we are poor indeed, but if we possess Thee then all things are ours. Amen.*

### SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

#### IT TAKES SO LITTLE

"WE MAY BE ABLE TO COMFORT THEM"

READ II CORINTHIANS 1:1-12

THE late Frank Crane said: "It takes so little to make people happy; a word fitly spoken, a slight readjustment of some bearing in the delicate machinery of the soul. It takes little, so little, to make people happy."

*A little sun, a little rain,  
A soft wind blowing from the west  
And woods and fields are sweet again,  
And warmth within the mountain's breast.*

*A little love, a little trust,  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,  
And life as dry as desert dust  
Is fresher than a mountain stream.*

*Father, may we be ministering servants of Thine, sent forth to minister in holy things. Amen.*

### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

#### NO PLACE FOR THE CYNIC

"I HAVE COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE"

READ MARK 8:1-9

A GREAT writer said that there are sixteen hundred million people in the world, and that they are mostly fools. That attitude is as un-Christian as any could be. We are to think of the needy and the sinful, not with contempt, but remembering they are the sheep for whom the Shepherd died. There is no place in the Church of Christ for the cynic. When Jesus beheld the multitudes with their unsatisfied hearts and restless spirits, He was moved with com-

passion. The true Christian will feel just that way. No man who despises people can ever help them.

*Father, teach us to look away from ourselves to the hopes and needs of others. Amen.*

### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

#### CHRISTIANS AND CITIZENSHIP

"DO THAT WHICH IS GOOD"

READ ROMANS 13

NOT long ago we talked with a man who said it was against his Christian conscience to take any part in public life or even vote at elections. We cannot help thinking that there is something radically wrong with that kind of conscience. Jesus undoubtedly taught obedience to the state, as Paul did in his epistles. The duty of every Christian is to make the world a safer and better place in which to live; to assist every good cause; and to remove every stumbling-block to right living. The liquor evil, the gambling evil, and every other form of iniquity, is a challenge to all true Christians. That was a fine saying of Daniel Webster: "Whatever makes a man a good Christian makes him a good citizen."

*Lord, we would let our light shine before men, that Thy blessed name might be honored. Amen.*

### TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

#### A PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE

"HE PASSED BY ON THE OTHER SIDE"

READ LUKE 10:25-37

A DISTINGUISHED modern preacher has this to say of men whose deathbeds he attended: "During a ministry of over thirty years, it has been my privilege and duty to deal with men and women of all conditions. I have attended hundreds of deathbeds, and I cannot remember a single case of a man who found it difficult to believe that God could forgive his misdeeds. On the other hand I cannot recall a single case of a man who found it easy to believe that God could forgive him for the things he had left undone. The seriousness of life's neglected duties increases with the passing years."

*Grant O God, that as we move among men, we may bring to them a sense of their worth in Thy sight. Amen.*



# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8**

**GREATNESS THROUGH SERVICE**  
"THE SERVANT IS NOT GREATER THAN HIS LORD"

READ JOHN 13:1-17

A STUDENT of ancient history has this to say of Rome and Greece: "The greatness of any man was soon measured. It rested absolutely on the number of slaves who ministered to his pride and pleasure. Likewise the greatness of the nations depended upon their ability to crush and destroy smaller nations at will. It was the privilege of greatness to be served by those whose aim in life was to please their superiors." Perhaps we have not advanced as far beyond that position as we think, but no attitude could be more un-Christian. Greatness comes only through humble service.

*Father, write Thy truth upon our hearts and fix there forever every lesson of courage and faith and duty. Amen.*

**THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9**

**UNCONSCIOUS PREACHING**  
"EVEN AS HE WALKED"

READ 1 JOHN 2:1-12

FRANCIS of Assisi once said to a young monk: "Let us go into the town and preach." The young man was delighted to be singled out to be the companion of Francis, and went gladly. The two passed through the town with its alleys and byways, and at length returned to the monastery gate. "You have forgotten, Father," said the young monk, "that we went into the town to preach." "My son, we have preached," said Francis; "we have been seen by many, and our behaviour has been closely watched." All preaching is not from the pulpit. There is what St. Peter called a ministry "without the Word."

*Lord, increase our faith as Thou dost increase our years; may we apply our hearts unto wisdom. Amen.*

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10**

**TWO KINDS OF BLUSHES**  
"YE ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH"

READ MATTHEW 5:1-16

THE late Rev. Zane Batten of the Southern Baptist Church spoke of the "social blush" as contrasted with the "individual blush." There is a sense of shame, he said, which comes to a man when he belongs to a city, or town, where the morality of the people is low. He blushes because he feels that in some measure at least he is responsible for that condition of things. We can no longer live as units; we are members of a great social order, and such membership carries obligations. We cannot separate the things of others from the things of our own. Christ taught that we are not to live for ourselves, but to live for others.

*Father, Thou alone canst kindle the flame of love and faith in the hearts of*

*men. In Thy compassion bless us with Thy spirit. Amen.*

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11**

**THE CRIPPLING POWER OF SIN**  
"LET US LAY ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT"

READ HEBREWS 12:1-2

AN American naturalist found on the Atlantic Coast the skeleton of an eagle with an iron trap clamping one of its feet. Hundreds of miles away the bird had fallen the victim to the cruel snare; then, weighted with anguish, it had flown across the country until, worn out with the burden and the pain, it had expired on the margin of the sea with the instrument of torture still clinging to it. There are many whose earthly interests and affections have clung to them and dragged them to destruction. As one writer wrote recently: "There has been no reduction in the wages of sin."

*Father, reveal to us our sins, even our secret sins, and give us grace to forsake them. Amen.*

**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12**

**BROTHER SAUL**  
"BROTHER SAUL, THE LORD . . . HATH SENT ME"

READ ACTS 9:1-20

IT was a touching scene when Ananias visited Saul. Saul had been hunting the Christians, persecuting them, and he was glad when they were cast into prison or put to death. News of his savage conduct had reached Christians everywhere. But when he was stricken near Damascus, and lay baffled and blinded, Ananias, the Christian, entered the house, and laying his hands on him, said, "Brother Saul." Not for many centuries has there been as much bitterness in the world as now. We shall need a lot of grace to call some men brothers. But that victory must be won and with God's help, it will.

*We bless Thee, Lord, for Thy patience, Thy goodness and Thy forgiving mercy. Take from our hearts all bitterness and hatred. Amen.*

**MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13**

**THE PENALTY OF NEGLECT**  
"STRENGTHEN THE THINGS THAT REMAIN"

READ REVELATION 3:1-12

THESE words were written to lukewarm Christians. John Ruskin, in a striking Essay on National Strength, said: "No nation can suddenly develop, under the stress of emergency and peril, those moral qualities which it has for many years utterly neglected." That is to say, no nation can pull itself together and suddenly be at its best. If national decay is a slow process then national recovery cannot easily be speeded up. It is equally true of the individual; there is a terrible penalty to pay for years of indifference, carelessness and procrastination.

*Father, forgive us that we so soon lose sight of Thee. Come to us and abide with us for evermore. Amen.*

**TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14**

**WHEN THE SUN CAME UP**  
"YET HATH HE NOT ROOT IN HIMSELF"

READ MATTHEW 13:1-10, 18-23

IN the Parable of the Sower, when the sun came up the seed in the shallow ground was scorched. (See Matthew 13:6.) Yet the sun is the agent which the farmer regards as friendly. When the disciples asked for an explanation, Jesus said that the sun was typical of tribulation, and just as seed, well rooted, would be helped by the sun, so Christians would gain by tribulation. The half-hearted followers, however, like the seed sown in shallow ground, would be destroyed by it. The experience which crushes one man blesses and strengthens another.

*Lord, may we meet our griefs so that like drops of rain upon parched land, they may become a means of blessing. Amen.*

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15**

**WHAT HAPPENS TO THE STRAGGLERS**  
"HE . . . SMOTE THE HINDMOST"

READ DEUTERONOMY 25:17-19

IN worldly things men like to excel. Why should we not seek to rise above mediocrity in religious matters? Those who lag behind are always in danger of being cut off. With what dramatic force Joshua reminded the Israelites of the dangers of the stragglers behind the main body of the people. "Remember what Amalek did unto thee by the way, when ye were come forth out of Egypt how he met thee by the way, and smote the hindmost of thee, even all that were feeble behind thee, when thou wast faint and weary." That is what happened to Peter when "he followed Jesus afar off." A well-known preacher says: "The devil cuts off the stragglers."

*Father, may we live so close to Thee, that prayer shall never be difficult. May our hearts be at peace with Thee. Amen.*

**THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16**

**THE DANGERS OF MONOTONY**  
"BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO CHANGES"

READ PSALM 55

THIS is a striking verse in which the Psalmist tells of people who, because they have no changes, fear not God. There are dangers of monotony. Excitement keeps some people on their toes but sameness gets them down. One who had suffered much wrote: "More people fall victims to the tiresomeness of life than to its tears." The greatest tragedies do not always occur in the storms of life. Beneath the dull grey skies of monotony, and beneath the sunlessness of tiresome routine, very sad things happen. Many people are dis-

# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR



pirited by the repetitions of their daily experience.

*Lord, enlarge our horizons so that we may hear Thy voice in the wind and the gale and behold Thy beauty in the stars and in the light of day. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

### THE PRACTICAL DREAMER

"BEHOLD THIS DREAMER COMETH"

READ GENESIS 45:1-15

It is frequently said that religion makes men visionary and impractical. The brothers of Joseph said with ill-concealed scorn: "Behold this dreamer cometh." It was a term of derision and dislike. Yet here is the significant thing, the day came when Joseph saved the people of Egypt and incidentally his own people. The dreamer had a better grip on reality than the boastful materialists. When men protest that religion means nothing to them, that is their own concern but they must not go on to say that it has no meaning for others. That would be an altogether false statement.

*Lord, Thou knowest how frail and insecure our inner life becomes. Deepen every spiritual insight and may we live by faith and endure to the end. Amen.*

## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

### HEROES OF THE COMMONPLACE

"TIME WOULD FAIL TO TELL"

READ HEBREWS 11:32-40

THERE have always been heroes because there is so much of genuine courage in human nature. What isn't so generally recognized is the heroism which is seldom known because it is so commonplace and humdrum. Yet never a day passes but thousands of courageous things are done which only God knows about. We thank God for all dynamic personalities, for leaders who are strong and daring. We also thank Him for the countless millions, who in every age and country have, by His grace, borne with noble fortitude the burdens laid upon them.

*Lord, Thou hast promised that as our days so shall our strength be. We know we cannot fail if we trust Thee. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

### THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

"TEACH ME GOOD JUDGMENT"

READ PSALM 119:65-72

WITH the ending of summer, all over this continent children and young people are returning to school, some willingly, others a little reluctant, a few rebellious. Three thousand years ago the King of Egypt brought his young son to Euclid that he might learn mathematics. "I wish that his studies should be made as easy and pleasant as possible," the King requested. Euclid made a reply to His Majesty which men have been repeating for thirty centuries. "Your Majesty,"

he said, "there is no royal road to learning." That remark holds true also of knowledge that is spiritual.

*Lord, we would be humble and teachable. As we grow older in years may we also grow in the knowledge and love of God. Amen.*

## MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

### FIRST PAINT THE SKY

"I HAVE SET THE LORD ALWAYS BEFORE ME"

READ PSALM 16

A GREAT artist once gave some pertinent advice to those who wished to paint. "First paint the sky," he said, "then all other objects will be seen in their true proportion." It is not difficult to see the value of such advice. There must be a standard by which all other things can be measured. It is certainly true that unless we give God His right place in our thinking, our sense of values will be wrong. A man's conception of God is regulative of all his thinking; our attitude to other people will be the outcome of that conception.

*Our Father, may we have the mind which was in Christ; may He be the model for our living. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

### BACKGROUNDS

"NO OTHER GODS"

READ EXODUS 20:1-17

YESTERDAY we talked of artists and the sense of proportion. A lady once brought her son to the English artist Sir Joshua Reynolds for instruction. "I thought he might assist a little," she said, "perhaps by painting your backgrounds." Reynolds replied: "Anyone who can paint my backgrounds can paint the pictures." The lady thought something was unimportant which in reality was most significant of all. When a biographer said of a great skeptic, "He spelt God with a small g," we feel we have been given an explanation of the man's outlook and philosophy of life.

*O God, we pray for deeper reverence so that all life may seem to us beautiful and holy and every day become Thy day. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

### OBSELETE WORDS

"SORROW AND SIGHING SHALL FLEE AWAY"

READ REVELATIONS 21:1-7

WHEN we take up a book written, say, two centuries ago, we find so many unfamiliar words that we need a lexicon to explain their meaning. Languages change. Many words take on a new meaning while others drop out of use altogether and become obsolete. The Bible assures us that many words, now in general use, will some day be discarded and obsolete. Here are some words doomed to pass away: "And there

shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." What a list! Thank God for such a promise.

*Father, we bless Thee that Thou art ever in the light and that the shadows need not remain. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

### NINETY-NINE LETTERS

"STRENGTHEN THY BRETHREN"

READ LUKE 22:24-32

A MAN who recently suffered a bereavement told the writer that he received ninety-nine letters expressing sympathy. He was deeply touched and said: "I never knew I had so many friends. I intend to keep these letters as long as I live and to read them whenever I feel blue." There is a good deal of the milk of human kindness in the world and on the other hand, there is plenty of need for it. No matter what kind of a front people show to the world there is always hunger for friendship and encouragement. "Preach to the broken-hearted," said Dr. Joseph Parker to a group of young ministers; "there is one in every pew."

*We thank Thee Lord, for all who have comforted us and strengthened us in holy things. For the way in which their lives entered into the lives of others, we thank Thee. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

### ATMOSPHERE

"BECAUSE OF THEIR UNBELIEF"

READ MATTHEW 13:53-58

RECENTLY we had a letter from a friend who has been for many years a missionary on the bleak, inhospitable coast of Labrador. They have great difficulty in getting even the hardiest vegetables to grow. Yet our friend assures us that the soil where he lives is as good as any on the continent. Growth is severely retarded because of the climate. The summer is very short and vegetation is stunted if it grows at all. The question of atmosphere is always important. No matter how good the soil, if the weather is bleak and cold there can be little if any growth. And the difference between one church and another—or better, one home and another—is often just a difference in atmosphere.

*Father, forgive us for the things which others cannot forgive: our lack of charity, our hasty speech, our unfair judgments. Amen.*

## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

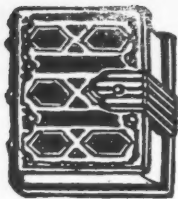
### SPIRITUAL RECIPROCITY

"THERE SHALL BE A HIGHWAY"

READ ISAIAH 19:20-25

ISAIAH lived several hundred years before Christ. He lived at a time when national feelings were intense and he be-

(Continued on page 44)



# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Trauer

SEPT.  
5

## ISRAEL CALLED TO BE A HOLY PEOPLE

READ—LEVITICUS 26:3-12

TO BE HOLY is to be different, separate. Leviticus is Israel's rule-book to help them be different from the pagan-minded nations about them. All through their checkered history they were constantly lapsing into the idol worship, the immoralities and the unsocial conduct of their neighbors. God did everything possible to help them to be different. He used both persuasion and punishment and forgave them time and time again with infinite patience. In Leviticus He sets down in clearest language the conduct expected of a separate people. He applies the basic principles of the Ten Commandments to the common situations they would meet. We, like Israel, need guidance in practical expression of our faith. Perhaps our present-day successors to Moses and the prophets do not speak plainly enough from our pulpits. The men in the pew, just as the men of Israel, need plain speaking.

"I the Lord your God am holy." How often this phrase crops up in this book of rules. No commandment of God, no divine rule for living should be approached without this introduction. God's commandments are not despotic dictates, proclaimed to feed His egotism. *He is a good Father.* He is saying, "Remember, My children, a tie of love binds us to each other. My promises to you are made out of My grace. Keep My commandments because they are Mine, and because you trust and love Me. No rule of Mine is arbitrary but each is intended for your good, to make you grow more like Me. When you read My laws remember Me." Jesus began the process of making men holy by teaching them to say "Our Father."

THE CHILDREN OF GOD must learn to live together in love. Knowing their relationship to God they must be disciplined into a society, a nation. Sin breaks the neighborly tie and defeats the purpose of God in society. In our lesson, note the variety of warnings given Israel—disrespect to parents, stealing, lying, cursing, injustice of employers to employees, heartless treatment of the afflicted, hate, vengeance, greed, dishonor to gray hairs, mistreatment of the alien. All these divide the family of God. God's hope for Israel and our dream of a perfect society must await the conquest of sin. A godly nation must have godly citizens.

### Questions:

*How would the full acceptance of God's Fatherhood change life in our world, in*

*our community, in our homes?*

*What has Leviticus to say on the subject of the relationship between employer and employee?*

*What about the treatment of aliens in our country? Could we apply Leviticus 19:33, 34?*

*Do the sermons of 1943 give enough rules for good conduct?*

SEPT.  
12

## ISRAEL MARCHES TOWARD CANAAN

READ—NUMBERS 10:11, 12, 29-36

"NO HALF-TRAINED SOLDIERS will ever have to march against the enemy in another war" was the pledge of a high-ranking officer in our army after the first world war. Letters from our men in camp testify that they are kept so busy training there is very little time or energy left to write letters. Train, train, train, that is the story of adequate preparation for war. America has become one vast war college educating men and women in the arts of war. For nearly a year Israel too had been in training at the foot of Mt. Sinai. It was most human of them to become tired and discouraged to the point of real doubts whether God would ever lead them to the "land flowing with milk and honey." He had not forgotten His promise and was disciplining His army through long, tedious, but necessary days of training in worship and in conduct. Time is never wasted in the cultivation of the mind and heart. Soon or late, *when we are ready*, we will receive marching orders.

A great choice was before Hobab, the Arab. He might stay with his people, popularly regarded as unsettled, unprogressive and unreliable. Yet the ties of home are ever strong. Or he might march on to Canaan with God's people, a trusted guide through a country he knew so well. Hobab first answered "No" and then on better second thought, threw in his lot with Moses. Think what that choice meant. In Judges 1:16 and 4:11 and again in 1 Samuel 15:6 descendants of his are counted among the families of Israel. Robert E. Speer tells us that his refusal of an invitation to a questionable place of amusement, while he was on a Christmas vacation, changed the whole course of his life. The little choices we may make today hang heavy with destiny. If at first we refuse the Lord His way, may we, like Hobab, follow a better second thought.

THE ARK WAS THE SYMBOL of God's Presence. It was a constant reminder to Israel that they were under His immediate care and keeping. Religion in Israel marched ahead. It did not have to be

satisfied with the tag-ends of life, with the left-overs. No people ever had such careful and explicit directions for their daily conduct, but first were the instructions for worship. God helped them to a great faith so that they might be equal to a great pilgrimage. "Rise up, O Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee." This was the shout of the people as the cloud lifted and moved on, while the Levites shouldered the burden of the ark. Then when the day's march was over and the cloud settled again the people sang, "Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel." Their faith was in a God who shared their way. How tragically we need that same faith today when our promised land seems so far away. The covenant God of the ark is still available.

### Questions:

*Do our church people realize the obligations and opportunities of Christian education?*

*What are the implications of the story of Hobab for those who think in terms of race?*

*Does it make life too somber, too laughless, to stress the importance of the little choices of each day?*

*What is our Christian counterpart for the ark? Have we symbols of the abiding Presence?*

SEPT.  
19

## THE SIN OF MOSES AND AARON

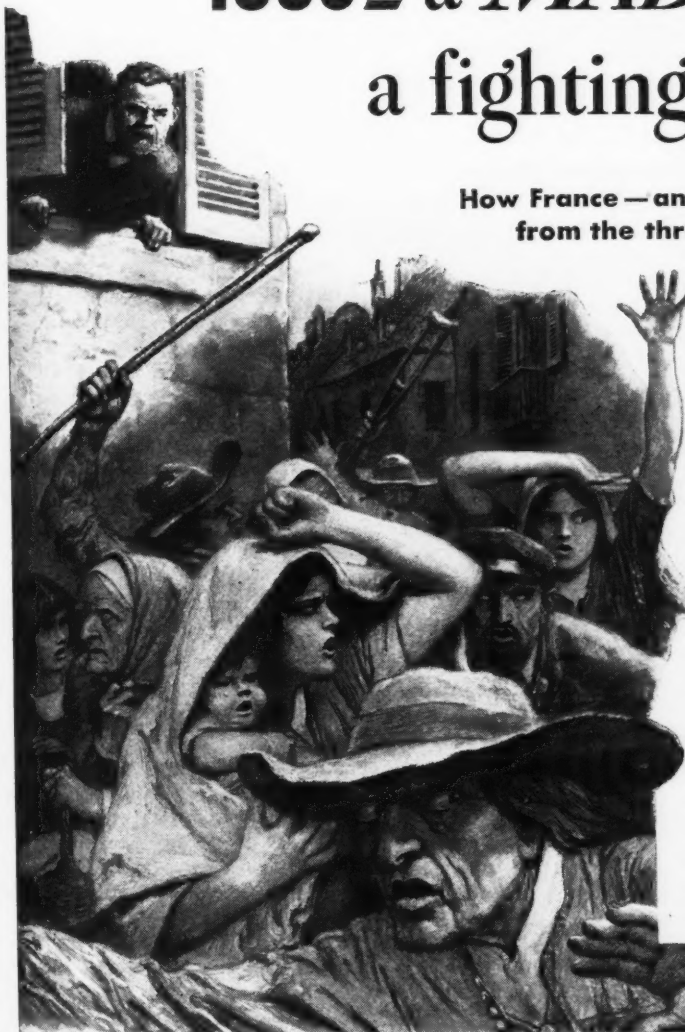
READ—NUMBERS 20:1-12; 27, 28

"THE BOOK OF MURMURS" someone has renamed Numbers. The children of Israel are at it again in our lesson, complaining bitterly against their God. This was a new generation, one that knew Egypt only by tradition, yet it whined to Moses about its troubles in the same old way. Israel was like a person who becomes introspective, thinking always in the terms of himself. The people, to whom Moses had been like a father, were so bound up in themselves that they did not have the grace to extend sympathy on the death of Miriam. When we think of ourselves first we become callous to the troubles of others. Let Alexander Maclaren draw the lesson, "He that is without sin may cast the first stone at these men; but whoever knows his own weak heart will confess that if he had been among the thirsty crowd, he would, most likely, have been one of the murmurers." Remember that under a covenant God complaints against life situations are ultimately complaints against God.

(Continued on page 50)

# 1885— a *MAD DOG*... and a fighting Frenchman!

How France—and all the world—was freed  
from the threat of a frightful death



A blood-curdling shriek "Mad Dog—MAD DOG!"  
The sudden rush of frantic feet stampeding and  
stumbling in panic!

Grimly gazing from a laboratory window at the  
frenzied mob below, no wonder the eyes of a famous  
fighting Frenchman were filled with horror and pity.  
No wonder the heart of Louis Pasteur—whose life  
was a ceaseless battle against microbes, disease and  
death—was filled with resolve to seal Hydropho-  
bia's fate.

Not a living soul knew better than he how justified  
was man's mortal fear of this ghastly malady. For  
the only hope of a victim was that merciful Death  
would hurry . . . and he seldom waited in vain.

In the face of jeering skeptics, in the face of heart-  
breaking defeats, this dauntless hero of France  
fought an unflinching battle for four solid years  
against an army of murderous germs that outnum-  
bered him billions to one. But written in the History  
of the World's Great Medical Triumphs—in ink  
that will never fade—is "*The 6th of July 1885*"—  
the day when a little Alsatian boy, cruelly torn by  
a raving beast, received from Louis Pasteur the  
first anti-rabies vaccine.

What a day in the life of that little boy's mother,  
when he trotted home—healed and happy—whis-  
tling the "Marseillaise!" What a day of VICTORY  
for France—and medicine—and all the world. To-  
day, over 99% of those given the "Pasteur Treat-  
ment" totally recover!

# 1898—*RELIEF* of pain!

1898—just 13 years after Pasteur's dis-  
covery of an anti-rabies vaccine—is fa-  
mous for another triumph in the war  
against suffering and pain. For a group  
of brilliant scientists discovered a relief  
from headaches, painful discomforts of  
colds, and muscular aches and pains . . .  
maladies which cause humanity even  
more suffering and more loss of time  
than do all the serious diseases com-

bined. They discovered Aspirin.

Whenever men of medicine fight  
suffering and pain, *Bayer Aspirin* is  
trusted not just for dependability, but  
for the rapid relief it brings. So for relief  
that's reliable and also *swift*, ask for  
*Bayer Aspirin* by its full name. And  
be sure the tablets you buy are stamped  
"BAYER" in the form of a cross—the  
famous name in Aspirin.

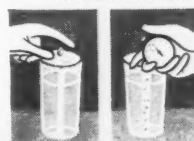


## FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF OF HEADACHES

The next time that a  
headache comes, take 2  
Bayer Aspirin Tablets  
with a little water. Re-  
lief starts almost in-  
stantly. Most econom-  
ical to use. Try Bayer  
Aspirin, also, for the fast  
relief of neuralgic and  
neuritic aches and pains.



## WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST



In 2 to 3 seconds after a  
Bayer Aspirin Tablet  
touches water, it is dis-  
integrated and ready to  
start work. That's what  
happens in your stom-  
ach when you take  
Bayer Aspirin.



COURTESY NATIONAL BISCUIT CO.  
Crackers of all types can almost make you hungry when well arranged on the appetizer tray



COURTESY NATIONAL BISCUIT CO.  
Fine cracker meal makes a good clinging coat for fish or meat



COURTESY NATIONAL BISCUIT CO.  
An eye-filling dish, simple to make, good to look at, delicious to eat

# Crackers . . . ARE PLENTIFUL

By Esther Foley

IF YOU ask "How about crackers?" the answer is definite, but guarded. They are as plentiful as any food will be this year. The government uses a good many, taking up a great deal of room in the cracker factories, baking Army ration "C" biscuits. But the crackers baked for civilians are just as carefully mixed, baked and packed as those intended for the armed forces.

Cracker crumbs are not made from stale crackers, but from crackers baked especially for crumbs. No fat, no salt, no flavoring of any kind goes into this type of cracker. A dough of flour and water is mixed in the great machines, taken to the proofing room, made up with all care and rolled and cut and baked on the carrying belt; finished, they look for all the world like crispy saltines. They come from the ovens as beautifully baked as though they were intended for packaging. They are cooled, turned into large buckets, then crushed and packaged. Ask for cracker meal. A neat package of the very dry golden meal is waiting for you.

Crumbs have a variety of uses. They are especially good for coating foods for deep fat frying. In these days, when croquettes are a part of every meat order (so that the leftovers can be stretched for another meal) a package of coating be-

comes a necessity in the pantry. And now that eggs are scarce, it is good that the fine dry cracker meal will cling to the food without a coating of beaten egg first. Dip food, if it is very slightly moist, directly into a heap of the meal. If the food is quite dry, dip it first into seasoned milk.

## FRIED FISH

6 fish fillets	1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 cup cracker crumbs	1 egg, slightly beaten
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon water

Wipe fish with damp cloth. Season cracker crumbs. Add water to egg and beat slightly. Roll fillets in crumbs, then dip in egg and roll in crumbs again. Shallow fry in one inch of hot fat (375 degrees F.) or pan fry until brown. Drain on soft paper and serve with tartar sauce. Serves 6.

## FRIED CHICKEN

Cut chicken in serving pieces, salt and pepper them, and roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in hot fat until golden brown and tender.

## PARADISE CASSEROLE CRUST

2 cups coarse cracker crumbs	2 tablespoons butter, creamed
1 teaspoon baking powder	1/2 cup milk
	1 egg, well beaten

Sift crumbs with baking powder, mix into butter, add milk and egg alternately. Pat into single crust to fit casserole dish,



COURTESY SCHULZE & BURCH BISCUIT CO.  
Cracker crumbs make dumpling-like topping on a meat casserole

or mold or cut into small biscuit rounds. If a single crust is to be used, cut vent slits with a dull knife to allow for escape of steam during baking. Butter casserole dish. (If desired, a thin layer of Paradise Casserole Crust may be used to line casserole dish.) Fill with cooked meat or vegetables and thick meat gravy or cream sauce of vegetable juice. Use enough liquid to almost cover meat or vegetables. Top with Casserole Crust and bake in a medium (350 degrees F.) oven about 20 minutes.

## CHEESE FONDUE

1 cup cracker crumbs	1 tablespoon butter
1 cup milk	3 eggs, beaten until
1/4 pound pasteurized cheese	lemon colored and thick

Add salted cracker crumbs to milk in which cheese and butter have been melted; fold in eggs. Bake in ungreased casserole in a medium (350 degrees F.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 42

oven about 25 minutes, until firm and delicately browned. Serve at once. Serves 6.

#### MEAT LOAF

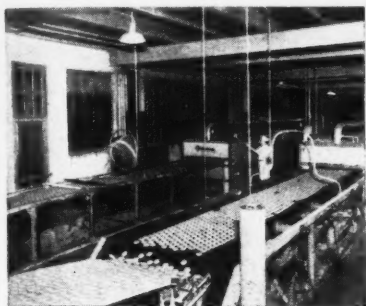
1 cup cracker crumbs 1 tablespoon chopped  
1½ pounds ground meat onion, if desired  
1 egg, beaten ¼ teaspoon pepper  
½ cup milk or tomato juice

Mix crumbs with meat, egg, milk or tomato juice, onion and pepper. Bake in greased loaf pan in medium (350 degrees F.) oven for 1 to 1½ hours. May be served hot or cold. Loaf mixture may be baked in rounds with bacon strips or in thin patties and served under or between grilled pineapple slices. Serves 6.

#### CHOWDER

2 cups cracker crumbs 1½ pounds fresh fish,  
¾ pound salt pork, cut cooked  
into small pieces 1 cup of water in which  
3 small onions, minced fish was boiled  
and browned in pork 1 quart hot milk  
6 medium sized boiled potatoes

Add crackers to mixture of browned pork and onions, potatoes, fish, water and milk, which have been heated thoroughly together and serve immediately. Or pour the chowder mixture over the crackers



COURTESY SCHULZE & BURCH BISCUIT CO.

Side by side with saltines, a large cracker company bakes army ration "C" biscuits

which have been placed in the bottom of individual chowder bowls. Serves 6.

#### HOOSIER CORN

1 cup cracker crumbs 2 tablespoons butter  
1 No. 2 size can cream- 2 cups milk  
style corn

Butter a 1½ quart casserole. Place thin layer of cracker crumbs in bottom of casserole. Add layer of cream-style corn, dot with butter, then second layer of cracker crumbs. Add balance of cream-style corn, dot with butter, and spread balance of cracker crumbs on top, dot with butter. Pour 2 cups milk over top and bake until brown (350 degrees F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

Saltines or other crispy crackers can be rolled or ground to a fineness to make crumbs, if desired. Twenty saltine-sized crackers, crushed, will yield about 1 cup crumbs. Saltines contain fat, so do not try to keep crumbs made from them for any length of time. The fresh tasting flavor will not last. It is better to buy cracker meal, if a goodly amount of coating is to be kept on hand. Crispy crackers

(Continued on page 44)

THE WHOLE PICTURE IS BRIGHTER...WITH DR. LYON'S

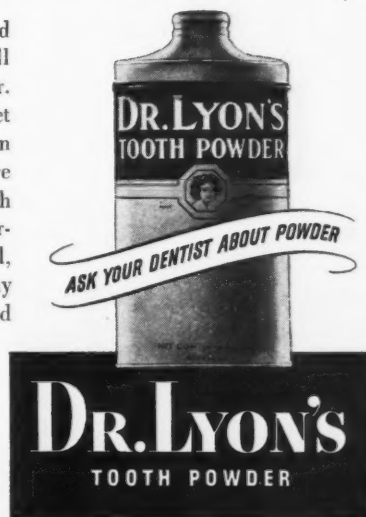
*Cynthia Hope*

"I suppose models are to be seen and not heard. So maybe you'd rather just look at my teeth—and let the flattering sparkle which Dr. Lyon's has put on them speak for itself!"

## THE GEM of them all...in the "Land of Beautiful Women"

Because teeth that gleam like jewels add such charm to natural beauty, this tooth powder is America's favorite. Make it yours!


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are fine to serve with cheese or fruit for dessert, to serve with soup or other appetizer, to serve as an accompaniment to milk or cocoa or other in between meal beverage.

#### SALTINE CRACKER APPETIZERS

**Cheese Toasties, using pasteurized cheese:** Spread saltine crackers with mashed cheese seasoned with finely chopped onion to taste and broil until brown.

**Cheese Toasties, using loaf cheese:** Fold 4 tablespoons grated loaf cheese into 2 egg whites beaten stiff with 1/2 teaspoon salt. Season with a dash (1/8 teaspoon) cayenne pepper and broil until brown. Or bake in a low (300 degrees F.) oven about 12 minutes, or until brown. Makes 12 toasties.

**Salmon Brownies:** Flake salmon and moisten with mayonnaise. Season with chopped green pepper. Spread on saltine crackers and broil until brown.

**Puffs:** Spread saltine crackers with mayonnaise and brown. The mayonnaise will puff and brown. Puffs may be sprinkled with paprika before serving.

**Hot Hors d'oeuvres:** Place small sardines or anchovy fillets, moist with the oil in which they are packed, on salted crackers. Garnish with sliced ripe olives or pimento stuffed olives. Broil and serve immediately.

**French Fried Shrimp:** Roll saltine crackers finely. Mix 1 egg with each cup of crumbs. Add pepper to taste. Roll drained shrimp in crumb mixture, or alternately in crumbs and egg, well beaten, and fry until brown in deep hot fat.

#### SEPTEMBER CHURCH SUPPER

Tomato Juice  
Baked Beans Sliced Cucumbers  
Corn Muffins  
Cabbage Salad with Egg-saver Mayonnaise  
Blue Grapes Apples  
Coffee

It is wonderful to have coffee again. And a hot drink is needed because September nights hold a faint hint of chill. Let the tomato juice be made from home canned garden grown tomatoes. Press them through a sieve, making a puree and holding back the seeds only. Season and add a bit of chopped parsley and a touch of scraped onion. Bake the beans long. Serve the cucumbers sliced, in a mild vinegar. Let the corn muffins be hot. But heap the salad bowl. With eggs scarce, this mayonnaise will be popular.

#### EGG-SAVER MAYONNAISE

2 eggs 1/2 tablespoon table  
1/2 tablespoon salt mustard  
1 1/2 tablespoons paprika 2 quarts salad oil  
1/2 cup vinegar

Beat eggs, salt and paprika and mustard together. Add oil slowly, beating constantly. Add vinegar last, and beat until thoroughly mixed. Approximate yield: 2 quarts dressing.

#### DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 39)

longed to a proud and exclusive race. He was painfully aware of the deep-seated prejudices and bitter animosities all around him. But he rose to magnificent heights of noble feeling and he saw with a clearness which puts to shame much of our narrowness. Remember the

hatred between Egypt and Assyria and Israel, then read this sublime prophecy: "The Lord shall bless thee saying, blessed be Egypt my people and Assyria the work of my hands and Israel mine inheritance." Isaiah knew that God loved all mankind.

Lord, we are but babes in spiritual things. Redeem our lives from foolish prejudices and petty spite and grant that we may have the mind which was in Christ Jesus. Amen.

#### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

##### THE TIE THAT BINDS

"ALL BAPTIZED INTO ONE BODY"  
READ 1 CORINTHIANS 12:1-13

WHEN Paul wrote to the Church in Corinth he made a plea for the Christians at Jerusalem who were suffering because of a famine. Here was one of the first illustrations of brotherhood. The two congregations had never seen each other. One was made up of Greeks, the other of Jews. They spoke different languages. Yet in another and higher sense they spoke the same language for they were one in Christ Jesus. Paul's heart was warmed as he realized how faith in Christ overcame barriers of distance and race and united them in a blessed fellowship; a prophecy of things to come.

Lord, Thou hast made us so that we depend much upon others; grant that we in turn may strengthen and bless those who need us. Amen.

#### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

##### THE EYES OF THE HEART

"THEY SHALL SEE GOD"  
READ MATTHEW 5:1-12

A HOSPITAL in one of our larger cities has a rule forbidding visitors from carrying reading matter to patients until permission has been secured from the proper authorities. General health determines vision and when people are run down their eyesight is frequently impaired so that reading, especially if the print is small, causes additional strain. It is so with our spiritual life. The healthy soul sees clearly; has an outlook upon life which the morally defective do not possess. Jesus was not thinking only of the world to come when he said that the pure in heart would see God.

Lord, open our eyes that we may behold wondrous things in Thy law. Amen.

#### TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

GOD'S SON BECAME A MISSIONARY  
"PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE"

READ MARK 16:14-20

MEN who take a chisel and out of a block of marble carve some lovely form are remembered and spoken of, sometimes for generations. No doubt this is as it should be. But shall a man be thus remembered simply for carving marble

and he who shapes the destiny of another's soul be forgotten? When Jesus sent out the Twelve he gave them the greatest task on earth—to carry the gospel message to needy souls. Someone has said: "God only had one Son, and He made Him a missionary." There is no finer work than that given the Twelve. There is no greater privilege than that of winning souls for Christ.

Lord, Thou dost call us to-day, even as Thou hast been calling men in all ages, to lives of service and consecration. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

# THE LOVING HEART

"THE ISLES WAIT FOR HIS LAW"

READ ISAIAH 42

OVER a century ago John Coleridge Patterson, a devout young missionary, went as a missionary to New Zealand. He visited other islands in the Pacific, and more than once landed, quite unarmed, among savages. On one voyage he landed seventy times among natives who were naked and armed, yet never once was a hand raised against him. Yet these same men had frequently killed and eaten sailors. "Savages?" Patterson used to say, "there are no savages. There are only God's children waiting for the light; waiting for God's message."

Lord, there is no part of the world so dark and solitary but Thou art there to lead, to comfort, and to bless. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

# SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

"THE WOMAN WAS A GREEK"

READ MARK 7:25-30

THE great missionary, Henry Martyn, when passing through Spain, once saw a poor woman weeping over a stone image of the Virgin Mary. He said: "When I consider the ignorance of this poor woman, her mistaken idea and her few privileges, I wonder, after all, if her faith and her love are not superior to mine." Where much is given much is required. That is something that we, with our wealth of privileges, should never forget.

Father, we have often found Thee in unexpected places; for the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee. Amen.

# Question

Why do you go to church? I've heard The question asked by those who say That they can truly worship God In many another way.

Why do I go to church? I asked Myself when this I surely know, That I can walk and talk with Him Wherever I may go.

Why do I go to church? I found The answer in a hymn I love: "The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above."

—Eunice Cassidy Hendryx



"That's just the way the chaplain said it . . . kind of smiling at us. General quarters had just sounded. Enemy aircraft approaching.

"There was plenty of action and we took some hits. When I got back, the first thing I thought of was that interrupted church service . . ."

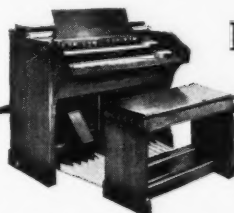
★ ★ ★

When the enemy strikes, the chaplain is with his men. Not as a fighter—for he is a noncombatant. But often they carry the strength and calm of his words into battle.

Chaplains form a part of every U. S. armed force. From training camp to battle front they accompany our sons to serve as their spiritual advisers . . . comforting, counseling, encouraging. Selected for their understanding of men, their unquestioned courage and able leader-

ship, they are rigidly trained for their many duties.

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## ALASKA: LAND OF PROMISE

(Continued from page 27)

roadhouses—not the New York variety but havens which afford food and shelter to travelers. The cooking is usually done by an old sourdough; moose and caribou afford abundant meat—and if you have never eaten a moose steak broiled by one of these old-timers, "You ain't never et nothin'" as the sourdough puts it.

Eskimos? Certainly. A considerable part of Alaska's population consists of these people of the Mongolian race. But here, too, the popular notion of skinned half-savages living in igloos is wholly wrong. Eskimos don't live in igloos—there are no igloos, except in cases of emergency; they live in comfortable frame or log houses. They have almost completely adopted the white man's customs, and the Eskimo children are as bright and tractable as any white children. The Eskimo is friendly, intelligent, and is fast becoming a valuable citizen.

What about Matanuska? This much publicized colony has suffered from serious misrepresentation. Failures there have been at Matanuska, of course. And the failures, returning to the States, have been interviewed, and their prejudiced views have been accepted as a true picture of the state of affairs in the Colony. As a matter of fact the colonists at Matanuska who are real farmers are doing very well. The soil is fertile, the climate not severe. The farms are producing good crops. As one colonist put it, "I had two farms blow away from under me in the States; I'm glad to get to a place where the land stays put." One man made \$16,000 on his farm last year; those who really know farming and are not afraid to work are succeeding. As evidence of the reputation of the colony, there are today 15,000 applicants on the waiting list!

Matanuska Valley is typical of a number of other valleys in the Territory. Alaska not only has 385,000 square miles of forest but 65,000 square miles of land suitable for farming, and 35,000 square miles of grazing land. And over 98 percent of Alaskan soil is in the hands of the United States Government now and will undoubtedly soon be thrown open for settlers. The United States and Canada, since the opening of the Alcan Highway, have thrown open 66,000 square miles of country in Alaska and British Columbia. This land will eventually be taken up by settlers, as the resources and desirability of it become generally known.

When this war is over and things settle back to normal again, then we shall really learn what a prize we have in Seward's Folly. Something tells us that things new and startling will come out of this Alaska in such profusion and number that many of us, ill-informed and ignorant as we are now, will be saying to ourselves then that we are living in a backward area when we live in continental United States. Forgive us for prophesying: we believe there will come another, latter-day Horace Greeley to cry "Go to Alaska, young man, go to Alaska!" And millions of us who are really wise and who have not lost the pioneer spirit will go into this unbelievably rich Land of Promise, to live as we have not lived before.

**CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 46**

## THE BETRAYED GENERATION

(Continued from page 14)

breakdown in discipline, our demagogic leadership, our inclination to substitute will o' the wisp nostrums for priceless tried and proven tradition. Well...?

Of course, the enemy will find out, ultimately, that he was all wrong. He will find out from an embattled American youth which had nothing whatever to do with this holocaust brought on us by adult indifference. He will learn it from a youth that only yesterday seemed irresponsible and fickle, yet which fights and dies today in global foxholes—youth ready and willing to pay the last full measure of devotion to protect the America they love.

This youth will not let us down though we have let them down. They are young and they are strong like their country. They will persevere to the bitter end and come out on top. What they need is not criticism and abuse but a helping hand.

It lies in the hands of the youth of today to so strengthen our democracy that we shall never again fall prey to international confidence men and gangsters. In doing this, they must be realistic. They must understand that tolerance is a virtue but that the greatest crime of our age has been our tolerance of wrong. That tolerance of wrong made possible the emergence of the Austrian paper hanger and the outbreak of this war. Youth must stand like steel against a recurrence of that by seeking the truth and having the courage to follow that truth wherever it may lead them. We must help them develop out of the oncoming generation a leadership of highest quality. It must be a soul-searching leadership that will put God and country before human selfishness and the individual. This country found its place in the sun under such leadership; it will hold that place only under such leadership.

Let youth go back to the fathers. Let youth be suspicious—everlastingly suspicious—of the thousand and one foreign "isms" that would undermine the principles and faith of those forefathers. They are deadly, and they work as silently as thieves in the night. They work from within. They bore into the heart—and it is the heart, always, that must be kept strong, clean and healthy if the rest of the body is to be so. Those anti-American "isms," creeping up the pillars of the Republic, are a greater threat to us than any peril that lurks from without. A country that can produce a Washington, a Jefferson and a Lincoln can get along without the foreign "ism."

The Bible has a way of putting things simply and beautifully and briefly. In Proverbs one will find a line which is pertinent to our life as a nation today and which puts it all in the proverbial nutshell. It is a solemn admonition that directs us to look back as well as ahead: "Remove not the ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set."

If I were asked to sum up all this in a few words, to list briefly the real sources of our distress, I think I could put it in three words: home, church and school. These are the three basic institutions underlying our American life and it is in these three institutions also that the real

trouble is born. Unfortunately for us we have seen a weakening in these three cornerstones of character. The American home has in all too many instances become a mockery in name. It has ceased to be the character-moulding institution it used to be. The Church is challenged to hold its place in the lives not only of our adults but, which is more important, in the lives of our youth. Some schools today face the surge of an insidious and unsound educational quackery that would rule out those principles of discipline and control without which we shall surely have a generation of iconoclastic morons and criminals.

These challenges will be met only through a dedication to the fundamentals of our forefathers but it will not suffice to have merely a rededication, to merely "have the ideal in mind." The ideal must get busy; it must be translated into action. It will demand a fearless, strong-hearted devotion. What we must have

### Shiftlessness

When I should have hoed my garden,  
There was fishing to be done,  
So I squandered all the daylight,  
Where the rippling waters run.

That same night a fierce northeaster  
Swept upon us through a fog,  
And at dawning I discovered  
That my garden was a bog.

I have cleared and I am ready  
To attend my garden's needs,  
But my flowers have been smothered  
By a tangled host of weeds.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer

now is a sincere and straightforward searching after truth, by men and women whose careers in life are marked by simplicity and a deep sense of loyalty to the highest they know. If youth can supply such men and women then youth may yet save the world of which we oldsters have made such a sorry mess.

Lincoln had the word for it—or the words—when he said:

*"Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges. . . . let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And in short let it become the political religion of the Nation. . . ."*

Granted that, generations yet unborn shall have a fair chance to live and move and have their being in an environment worthy of the pioneers and to wax strong in the sight of a God who makes chosen people only of those who seek and practice His truth.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"And bringing hope  
from heaven,  
Shine forth the  
stars once more."

—ORATORIO, ROQUETTE-LISZT



DEEP in everyone's heart these days is the fervent hope of Peace. Peace with Victory, of course, but Peace, nevertheless; when roaring guns are still again and Love's music reigns supreme.

Certainly we, whose life work is music, hope for Peace—for the day when the skill of our artisans can be transferred from the building of war materiel to the fashioning again of the world's finest organs. But, in the meantime, Peace must be fought for, and our entire personnel are engaged in the fight, here at the Möller plant.

So, if you are planning the rebuilding of an organ, we suggest you wait until peacetime. Then, once more, there will be available to you the benefits of Möller engineering, the skill of Möller craftsmen, the use of Möller's tested materials. Your patience, we know, will be well rewarded.

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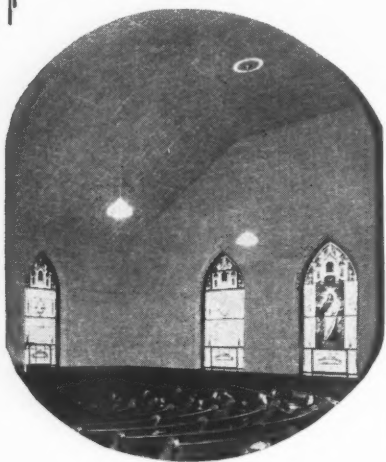
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# Straight Talk

## Mission To Moscow

• The battle raging over "Mission To Moscow" (the movie, not the book), breaks into our columns with a letter from Mrs. Frank Bradstreet of Hudson, Michigan. Mrs. Bradstreet encloses a sharply negative criticism of the picture, recently printed in the Chicago *Herald-American*, which calls the picture "a libel on the mighty things we are fighting for." Reader Bradstreet wonders why CHRISTIAN HERALD accepted an advertisement for the picture.

In explanation, we offer a statement recently made in our presence by Ambassador Davies himself; Mr. Davies says the movie quite satisfies him, quite represents his point of view. We also offer a longer statement written for CHRISTIAN HERALD by Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, president of the Baptist World Alliance (who knows his Russia at firsthand), from which we quote in part:

"No greater disservice could be rendered than to emphasize at this time anything that would divide the western democracies and Russia. The U.S.S.R. covers one-sixth of the earth's surface. Its progress has been such that acute observers are foretelling that within a generation it may rival the foremost nations of the world in industrial production—so vast are its untapped resources, and so rapid the development of its technical skill. Soviet Russia is one of the powers without whose cooperation general peace is unthinkable. She cannot be ignored in this ever-shrinking world. Frankly, the choice is between understanding and tragic conflict, and no Christian can doubt which alternative should be accepted.

"I am not an unqualified admirer of all things Russian, but I am alarmed at signs of a tendency in my own country (England) as well as in the U.S.A. to overlook the vital importance of cultivating good relations. The violent denunciation of the 'Mission to Moscow' film has in it something strangely irresponsible. One could understand differences of opinion regarding a film that is an interpretation as well as a record of fact, but calm judgment would not describe it as 'untrue' because it gives exceptional emphasis to what are after all the things that supremely matter.

"Differences with Russia call for frank statement. To me, the application of the principle of religious freedom raises important questions. But the profitable discussion of even that issue can be made impossible by the prevalence of an atmosphere of suspicion or hostility, failure to make allowances for historical factors, and refusal to do justice to genuine achievements. I feel that Mr. Davies' approach

is made in the spirit which alone offers any hope or prospect of common thought and action in the interests of human welfare."

• CHRISTIAN HERALD's position on "Mission" could not be stated better than that.

## A Stitch In Time

Dear Editor:

When it is so easy to sew our magazines as soon as they come, why all this "much ado about nothing?" Let's help by waiting on ourselves.

East Aurora, N. Y.

Mrs. Mason

Dear Editor:

If in the absence of enough staples your readers will open the HERALD to pages 16-17 and tie a string around the magazine to pages 44-45, they will keep the magazine intact. I leave a loop at the top to hang it up for ready reference.

Grandma From Iowa

• Thank you, Grandma and Mrs. Mason. These look like ideal solutions of the really bad staple problem.

## News

Dear Editor:

I hope you will find it good policy to add greatly to the news columns of your paper, so as to make it take the place of *Time* and *Newsweek*, and thus enable us to get a paper free from both tobacco and liquor ads, for our youth to read. You ought to be able to make a killing of it, if rightly handled. I'd like to see it tried.

G. B. Ogden

• Mr. Courier, who usually receives criticism in another vein, cheers for this; so do the editors. While the idea of supplanting *Time* and *Newsweek* is ambitious, we believe that the business of reporting news from a Christian angle has a large place in CHRISTIAN HERALD. Lack of space forbids any radical enlargements in this department for the duration—but watch it *after* that!

## Understanding

• Mrs. P. submitted a poem for publication in CHRISTIAN HERALD. It didn't quite meet our needs, so back it went to Mrs. P. with a rejection slip. Back to us from Mrs. P. came this letter:

Dear Editor:

It is always a pleasure to receive my  
CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 48

verses and other literary splurges back from CHRISTIAN HERALD, because your rejection slips are the nicest in the market. . . I hope it is not too late to send a contribution for your Mont Lawn Children's Home. Please accept the enclosed check.

Mrs. P.

• Having a strong-box filled with rejection slips ourself, we know just how she felt when she got *that* one. She'll never know how we felt when we got her check. We nominate Mrs. P. as a real Christian.

## Just Born That Way

Dear Editor:

Over fifty years ago it was my misfortune to be placed in direct contact with the Japanese. From this association, "although very limited," I learned of the make-up and character of these people, and from observation since I have come to the conclusion that the inherited, innate characteristics of these people is based on a sly, cunning, deceitful, treacherous, untruthful, unGodlike birthright. . .

J. H. V. Shamokin, Pa.

• Never tell that to a missionary who has worked in Japan; they tell quite another story. We may not have had the "very limited" contact of J. H. V. with the Nipponese, but we believe words like these are the worst stumbling-blocks to world peace that we could create.

## War Profits

Dear Editor:

Why do you speak out so strongly against John L. Lewis and say nothing about how the big steel corporations are hindering the war effort? When the big corporations are making huge profits out of the war, why shouldn't the workers get a slice?

Mason City, Ia.

Mrs. A. M. Dougan

• We are definitely opposed to anyone—individual or corporation—"getting a slice" of profit out of the war. But, admitted that some of our big corporations have sins to settle for (and they are legion) we hardly understand that the steel corporations are "hindering the war effort." Their record of production does not prove that; it proves the opposite. Granted that you do not make for freedom or justice when you transmit oppressive power from a Carnegie to a Lewis, we still consider John L. Lewis the most dangerous man in America because he sabotages the efforts of every American soldier in a time of desperate crisis. Are we right, or wrong, in that?

## Hymn

• We still have an even one hundred copies of the CHRISTIAN HERALD hymn, "Come Thou My Light," reprinted from the November 1942 issue. While they last, they are being sold at 10c each, or 2c each in quantities of 25 or more.

PAGE 49 • CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943

# 9,000 MILES APART



...they found a way to be together!

A soldier in Guadalcanal wrote his mother:

"I have been reading my New Testament which the Chaplain gave me from the American Bible Society and it has caused me to think very seriously about my soul and the future.

"I am writing you, Mom, to ask that you read with me a chapter from the New Testament each day... and I will feel that somehow we are united... and if I come back, the Church and the Bible will mean more than ever in our lives."

## A Challenge!

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1

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**KOLYNOS**  
TOOTH PASTE

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 40)

"Take the rod . . . speak to the rock" this was God's patient answer to His people. Did they deserve water? Not by any standard of the world's justice. Thank God His forgiving love is one with His justice. Moses and Aaron were again to be the instruments of God's mercy. This time they failed God, though the people were not permitted to suffer for their failure. God's chosen leaders were aggravated beyond endurance and swollen with a pride that said, "Hear now, ye rebels, shall we bring forth water out of the rock?" Tragic, isn't it, how the very powers that God grants us may make us forget their source. Moses and Aaron spoke like heathen magicians, not like prophets of God. Moses did not speak to the rock as commanded. Instead he struck the rock again and again, like a man who has lost his self-control. His faith in himself defeated his faith in God. Explicit and unquestioning obedience is essential in the servant of God.

A soldier in training described for us recently his sensations at crawling along a ridge with live machine gun bullets flying above him. "Pretty rough training," we said. He answered, "Yes, but we've got to learn it's obey or else." If we want God's power we must accept His prescriptions.

THE WATERS OF MERIBAH, meaning strife, would be memorable for the price they cost, rather than for the slaking of the thirst of Israel. Aaron is dead and Moses now doomed to die on Nebo with the promised land in sight. Any way but God's way, any spirit but God's spirit, and tragedy is in the making. God has ways of living mapped out for us that we disregard at our peril. Sin is the bitter alkali that spoils the springs of life. Our promised land of perpetual peace and world brotherhood awaits a disciplined and obedient people worthy to occupy it.

#### Questions:

*How does the complaining spirit defeat God's purposes?*

*Was God too hard on Moses and Aaron? Can we justify their punishment?*

*Has anger a place in the life of the child of God? What does it do to the soul?*

*How do you rate Aaron? What were his good points and bad?*

SEPT.  
26

#### ABIDING VALUES FROM ISRAEL'S HISTORY

READ—DEUTERONOMY 11:13-25

REWARDS FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS? Rewards rightly used are a legitimate teaching device. How well we remember picking raspberries for Father. He paid a nickel a quart, small money in these inflated days. Such "settling" berries they were, built to fit into each other like a set of dishes and every stumble seemed to change a quart into a pint. It was pleasant to feel the nickels in the pocket, but we would have picked the berries anyway for Father. God was not making a business bargain with Israel when He promised them the rewards of faithfulness. Listen, "I command you this day to love the Lord your God, and to serve

Him with all your heart." It is always heart before hand in the service that pleases God. Living follows loving. Then "There shall be showers of blessing."

Literal-minded Israelites bound portions of the law in small leather boxes on their foreheads and wrists and wrote verses on their door-posts. Too often that was as close as the law came to their hearts. Yet with all their faults no people has been quite so faithful to their teaching mission. In home and school their children were drilled in the letter and meaning of the law. We Christians can well follow their example. Our homes have become a major social problem and our schools so secularized that the educators themselves are asking for help from the churches to prevent the raising of a generation of pagans. *Juvenile delinquency has at its base the lack of education in religion.* Spiritual purpose for life must be found or our young people will be left adrift. Rufus Jones voices a general conviction when he says "Men and women each for self and with no holy center for family life could never compose either a Church or a State."

"SEEK YE FIRST the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things will be added unto you." In these words Jesus offered the rewards of loyalty. Best forget "all these things" in absorbing devotion to the kingdom of God. We cannot be truly loyal with one eye on God and the other on material rewards. This double-mindedness was the constant source of downfall for the children of Israel. Rewards must not be consciously sought, but will come as naturally to the surrendered life as fruit to the vine. Dr. A. J. Gordon once said, "Begin by balancing your heart between God and Mammon and you will end by being wholehearted for the world and fainthearted for God."

*"All we have to offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee."*

#### Questions:

*What is the place of rewards in the Christian life? In church and church schools?*

*Our church schools report decreasing attendance and increased problems. What should we do?*

*What is the place of evangelism in Christian education? Do our times emphasize the importance of evangelism?*

#### ANSWERS TO

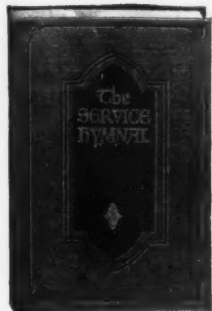
"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR BIBLE?"

(See page 25)

1. 430 years. (Ex. 12:40)
2. Michal (I Sam. 18:20, 27)
3. With Simon, a tanner. (Acts 9:43)
4. Solomon. (I Kings 4:29-31)
5. John the Baptist. (Luke 3:7)
6. Nine. (Matt. 5:1-12)
7. At Sychar, in Samaria. (John 4:5, 6)
8. Stephen, Philip, Prochorus, Nicanor, Timon, Parmenas, Nicolas.
9. Lentils. (Gen. 25:34)
10. John the Beloved Disciple (Rev. 1:1-2)

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 50

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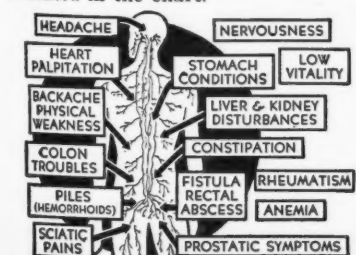
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## GOD GUIDES MY PEN

(Continued from page 17)

"Let's be sensible. Shoemaker's right. If it weren't for John 3:16 there wouldn't be any Christmas. It's a good cartoon. Run it. We need more like it in the News."

That publisher was Frank Knox. He is Secretary of the Navy now—and the people in this country are lucky to have a man like that in such a job. Incidentally—he had a praying mother, too, and he's never forgotten her any more than I have forgotten mine.

I finished that cartoon and it made the greatest hit of anything I'd ever done. It has been reproduced eight straight years in succession at Christmastime, on the first page of the Chicago *Daily News*. Now the editors keep asking me, "When are we going to have another gospel cartoon?"

But don't get the idea that it was all easy going, even then. It's never easy going for a Christian, anywhere. It was like that one morning, when I was down in the dumps. I called up a young friend of mine, Clarence Goudie, who was a clerk in the fire department at the City Hall. I said to Clarence: "I'm pretty blue; let's have lunch together. Meet me at the Y in twenty minutes." We met for a fellowship luncheon—just two lonely Christians wanting each other's encouragement.

We never dreamed of what that luncheon was going to do. It launched Chicago's famous Gospel Fellowship Club. Clarence and I enjoyed it so much that we decided to try it again. We got to inviting another man or two who needed the fellowship of kindred Christian souls; before we knew it there were five, ten, twenty of us, meeting regularly. We were newspaper men, lawyers, doctors and internes in hospitals, clerks, dentists, businessmen. It got into the papers. It spread. Within ten years the Club had a mailing list of 1500. Today we have 800 members in good standing, and 1200 more in clubs in other cities.

There were so many insurance men in the Club that they decided to have their own luncheons. There were so many men from Bell Telephone that they formed their own "local." International Harvester organized their own Club. The girls and women in offices around Chicago began to ask to be invited; they were advised to form their own Club, which they did, in short order. We're proud of Chicago's Gospel Fellowship Club. Out of it grew, in part, the famous Chicago Christian Business Men's Committee, known all over the country.

To God goes all the credit. He helps me draw my cartoons. I still talk with Him every morning, and He stays with me all day long. I feel that He helped bring me that Pulitzer Prize in 1938; that he brought me a special medal for outstanding work from the Headliner's Club last year. But He has brought me more than all this, something more valuable than any medal or award, much as I appreciate them. He has brought me a power I never got in any school; He has inspired in me ideas that I never would have had otherwise, ideas that have come to life almost subconsciously in my cartoons; He has given me whatever talent I have; He has

PAGE 51 • CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943

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helped me lead my own 82-year-old father to the altar after four-score years in which I knew him to be the worst blasphemer I had ever met; the last year of his life was a change that was beyond anyone's imagination. God gave my dad salvation through me; He has given me salvation, and I want for nothing.

Do you want success, my young friend? Do you want power, talent, security, happiness? There is but one source from which you may draw all that—and that is direct from God. Try it!

### WANTED: NEW WATCHERS

(Continued from page 25)

being threatened. When I was a little girl, I remember his crying out heatedly to his sister, who had said, pleadingly, "Just taste this lettuce once. If you'd only taste it—" The old Vermonter shouted, "No, I will not taste it. If I taste it, I might like it. And I hate it!"

Here, of course, is an unusually clear example of what might be called "absolute," undiluted conservatism. My old cousin was hanging on to something from the past solely because it came from the past. Yet he was not alone. The instinct to resist and deny the new, just because it is new, is one of the danger-impulses we need to keep our eyes on. The potato, now the priceless mainstay of everybody's diet, was known for some two centuries before needy humanity could be persuaded to give it the fair trial which the old Vermont farmer refused to give to lettuce. Generation after generation of the children of men lived poorly and meagrely, deprived by sterile, arid conservatism of one of the most valuable and delicious foods ever discovered. And it is within the memory of people now living that the tomato—exquisite, universally liked, vitamin-rich—was accepted as food.

At the time of the great famine in Ireland, in the first half of the nineteenth century, the Irish country people were literally starving. Ships were sent to the Green Isle from the United States, loaded with cornmeal. The Americans who had put their hands into their pockets to pay for this help to starving fellow men, thought of those golden cargoes in terms of delicious johnny-cake, steaming appetizing bowls of hot mush, Indian pudding, and crisply-browned fried mush. The famished people who saw it arrive thought of "hen-food," thought of it as my old cousin thought of lettuce, as all humanity thought of potatoes for two hundred years, as we all think of many harmless and useful and desirable things, through a veil of senseless prejudice. Their gorge rose sickeningly at the very thought of eating it, and untold numbers of them preferred to starve, although they knew well enough that millions of Americans liked nothing better than this "hen-food" they would not so much as taste.

This whole matter of aversions is a live wire of hot emotion, about which not the wisest psychologists have much exact knowledge. We ourselves who feel these aversions—so many of them absolutely baseless in any reasonable light—are the only people who, by observing our own reactions as objectively as we can, might be able to provide some reliable psychological data for learned heads to mull

over, classify and use as material for understanding.

Here is an almost absurdly small example. I take it out of my own experience. My attention had been called to this subject of so-called "uncontrollable aversions," by hearing about an incident in a college boys' dormitory about which I'll tell you in a moment. I cast about in my own experience to locate an aversion of long-standing, small enough perhaps to be able to control and experiment with. I hit upon the thin, wrinkled and stringy skin which forms on hot milk, or hot chocolate made with milk. All my life I had—just as you do, I imagine—carefully drawn this to one side of the cup with my spoon, taken it out down to the smallest particle, or if in the kitchen, strained the liquid through a sieve to eliminate any trace of what I thought of as scum. "Well now," I said to myself, summoning up all my ability to think reasonably, "I know that the skin on hot milk can't hurt anybody, for there is nothing in it except what's in milk. I'll see how long it takes me to overcome my strong aversion to it." An aversion based, I realized this for the first time, on as complete an ignorance of how it tasted, as my old cousin's ignorance of lettuce. I had never tasted it—I should think not!—because I hated it. Perhaps, I thought, by taking a little taste of it every day, I might overcome the worst of my repulsion at the sight of it. How long would it take me, I wondered? Three months? Three weeks? I had no idea.

With a tense, taut effort of my willpower, now ludicrous to remember, I took a little of the stringy stuff in a spoon, and holding on to myself hard, placed it gingerly on my tongue. I wish someone had been there to photograph the changing expressions of my face—ranging from a grimace of disgust through astounded stupefaction to delight. For what do you think—it had the pleasantest taste and a most agreeable texture! Like some delicate kind of fine cream cheese. Of course. Why wouldn't it, seeing what it is made of. I now eagerly take all that is on my own cup of chocolate or milk, and beg that from other people's cups when I see them with anxious care painfully skimming it off.

For they still do, of course. Have I been able to persuade a single other person to follow me into this new path? What is your guess? If you are experienced in the ways of human nature, you know without my telling you, that not one person of my circle has been willing to take a single taste. Indeed they can't bear even to have me speak about my experiment. Their faces take on a horrified expression of distaste as though I spoke of learning to eat angleworms. Nor has any learned psychologist within my ken been able to suggest to me any explanation of the phenomenon of practically universal aversion to something which has a very agreeable taste, is entirely harmless and quite nourishing. No, any consideration of such a small item is far beneath their dignity. My guess is—what do you think of it as a guess?—that from earliest times on, our human race had learned by experience to avoid water with a "scum" on it, such a surface-coating meaning usually that the water was too

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stagnant to be safe. A crossed-wire of emotional association has made them shy off from any "scum," even that on boiled milk, which—because of the sterilizing value of boiling temperatures, must be innocuous. Some real thought put upon such minutely small matters might enlighten us somewhat on the nature of emotional associations, with their resultant passionate prejudices. If we can discover which ones are not based on the nature of things, and on human experience, but on an inaccurate association of ideas, our lives would be wider, richer, more various.

To return to the incident in the men's college. Two or three Negro freshmen were given rooms in the boys' dormitory. At once the Southern students in the dormitory protested, going as a delegation to the faculty committee in charge. "You don't understand," said their spokesman, with dignity and great feeling, and—because he was a college student—with a good grasp of language to express his feelings. "This is a matter beyond our power to control. It is a biological reaction, a deep-lying physical instinct, rooted far below the power of the will. I simply could not sleep—physically could not—knowing that a Negro boy slept in the room across the corridor from mine."

"But," said one of the professors, "the other day at tea at our house, you were saying that when you were sick, as a boy, it was the greatest comfort to you to have the Negro boy who waited on you, sleep in the corner of your room, ready to get up to see if you were all right if you so much as turned over in bed. This seems to indicate that your feeling is not deep-lying, biological and hence beyond the power of the will to control, but an induced reaction, caused by careful social training in your childhood, which has conditioned you to love Negroes if they are poor, plainly dressed, uneducated, socially inferior to you and hence potentially your servants, and to have an aversion confined to those of their race who are clean, well-dressed and well-educated. You have the wires of emotional association badly crossed, my young friends. You have learned in the study of psychology just how emotional conditioning is achieved. And you are quite sufficiently well-trained intellectually to realize that all of us, like Pavlov's dog, cannot be conditioned to only one set of reflexes, but by reversing the process can be re-conditioned along quite other lines.

"As to this aversion of yours being biologically basic, why you, my young friend," continued the professor, turning to another Southern student, "did you not make us all laugh with the quaint sayings of the old Negro barber in your town to whom you said the men of your family like all your circle had gone for two generations to be shaved? A physical and biological aversion would certainly be more readily aroused by a black hand in intimate contact with your own skin, plastering soapuds all around your mouth, than by the thought of somebody of another race sleeping in the room across the corridor from yours. Your objection to that is the result of environmental conditioning. Now's a good time for you to have a little field-practise in

## To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty, said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



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the line of un-conditioning yourselves."

Let me end with a quotation this appeal that we each of us look into our own hearts (since there is the only place where reliable information on the subject can be secured) to learn what we can about the real sources of our feelings. The quotation is from a book, soon to be published, from the pen of the distinguished botanist, Dr. David Fairchild. He was on a long tour of the islands of the Pacific, undertaken to locate and bring back new plants which, introduced into our country, would give Americans a more varied and health-giving diet. At Luzon, he accepted an invitation to a banquet made up of native delicacies. Among these favorite viands were half-hatched duck eggs, the half-developed embryo cooked inside the shell. Dr. Fairchild is an old man, a wise one, philosophic and experienced. His life-work has been to try to introduce new foods to Americans. But here is what he says about this experience: "Although I found the yolk of the half-hatched duckling as delicate as Camembert cheese, the pin-feathers and tiny yellow feet disturbed me, do what I could to quell a rising aversion for what is a real delicacy to others. Aversion, it occurs to me, deserves much more study than it has ever had—aversion to foods and various objects as well as to people and races. Such a study might shed some light on the whole terrible phenomenon of prejudice, that emotional something which lies at the bottom of our social behavior and out of which the bitterest animosities arise."

Now for a confession—traditionally good for the soul. I realize that, since I eat roast duckling with pleasure, and am fond of boiled eggs, I have no logical grounds for objecting to eating boiled duckling at one rather than another of its many stages of growth. But I do object! My hair curls in horror at the idea. I say in order to prove that my keen interest in the possibility of enriching our personal and group lives by understanding and overcoming unreasonable aversions does not mean that I don't feel them, myself. I am as subject to them as the next person—maybe more. My hope is just that we may learn how to sort out the many unfounded ones from those which have some sane and reasonable basis in fact, and to save our passionate feelings for matters big enough to deserve the expenditure of our passion upon them.

Well, the very fact that baseless, senseless traditionalism can so overpoweringly master us, can so needlessly embitter and impoverish and limit and narrow our lives, shows what an unsuspected danger it can be.

There it flies into our minds from our mental horizon. It looks like an ordinary thought among the innumerable others. But this one is loaded with dynamite, and should be reported to our intelligence and conscience. We can never tell the difference between poisonous impulses and good and useful ones if we don't learn the distinguishing marks. And we will never learn those if we don't study them. And we will never study them if we don't begin—even though our beginning may be with so trivial a matter as the skin on boiled milk.

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 54

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(Continued from page 22)

back and deposited the dishes in the sink. Then she turned and faced him. Her eyes blazed. "Couldn't you have said you had to go home. Don't you see that he should be in bed?"

Sam looked at her against the backdrop of dirty dishes. "No, that isn't quite what I see," he said. "But I'll go now, Ellen, if you want me to."

"Take Dad this glass of milk, now that you're here. I'll cook some ham and eggs."

Sam placed the glass of milk carefully in Dad's left hand since the right one and all the rest of his body were helpless.

"I did your kind of work before paralysis hit me," Dad said.

"That's probably where Ellen got her brains."

"Poor Ellen," the old man sighed. "She never had much chance to live like other girls. Always had me hanging around her neck. Why, she doesn't even know she's in love with you." He fumbled with his good left hand for his glass of milk, and wasn't at all surprised that Sam was not there when he finished it.

In the kitchen Ellen cracked eggs into a blue bowl. She looked up as Sam entered, muttered something that sounded like, "And no wonder."

"What?"

"There's something I've been wanting to say, Ellen."

"I know," Ellen said softly, "you want to join the Army."

"Of course I do, but that isn't what I wanted to say."

Ellen turned the golden eggs out on a platter. She gestured with the shiny spatula, "Maybe you could draw me a picture."

"I will," he said. He looked at her lips, and they were soft and full. She became conscious of his gaze and sucked her lower lip in briefly. It came out nice and shiny. Sam put his arms around her.

"I knew you would be like this," he said, after a little while.

"Darling," Ellen said. "I don't see how I can part with you to the Army."

"You'll carry on until I get back. You've got brains and courage. And the fifty a week I'll be sending will provide you with a dishwasher."

# SERMON

(Continued from page 29)

*It is strange: but life's currents drift us  
So surely and swiftly on,  
That we scarcely notice the changes,  
And how many things are gone.*

*So now and then it is wisdom  
To gaze, as I do today  
At a half-forgotten relic  
Of a time that is passed away.*

*But the contrast of bygone hours  
Comes to rend a veil away,  
And I marvel to see the stranger  
Who is living in me today.*

Get out an old photograph of your youthful days. Do not be diverted by the outmoded styles of the clothes you wore

(Continued on page 60)

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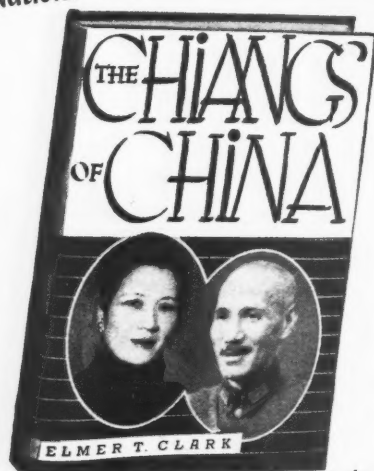


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## NEW BOOKS TO READ

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*Burma Surgeon*, by Gordon Seagrave. (295 pp., Norton, \$3.00.) This one bids fair to sell like a literary hotcake. It will raise a row in some missionary circles; the famous little doctor of the Burma Road is quite unorthodox, when it comes to missionary procedures, and missionary language. But he is also one of the most spectacular medics of this generation. This book will work miracles of understanding among those ill-informed folks who think all missionaries are "weak sisters." The material on the work of native nurses, and the breathless account of the retreat with Stilwell, in which Seagrave played a major part, is more fascinating than any fiction ever could be. This is a tall, glorious milestone in missionary literature. don't you dare miss it!

*Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, by Ted Lawson. (221 pp., Random House, \$2.00.) If anyone has written a more incredibly true story of the present war, I have yet to read it. That life itself could survive the ordeals through which the author passed is almost beyond belief. The picture of Chinese loyalty and courage is burned indelibly upon the reader's mind. The will to survive and to win through is the triumphant note of every chapter. Here are enough "incidents" to make a dozen novels.

*Katherine Christian*, by Hugh Walpole. (313 pp., Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.) Perhaps this would have been Hugh Walpole's greatest novel. Even unfinished, it is complete. It moves with accelerated speed to a realistic, overwhelming conclusion. There are several heroes and one great heroine.

*Falange*, by Allan Chase. (270 pp., G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.00.) This book offers proof that a million trained enemies of the United Nations are right now engaged in undercover warfare in North and South America. Material is drawn from over two thousand sources, including Axis secret strong boxes. It is a fighting book.

*Years of This Land*, by Hermann R. Muelder and David M. Delo. (238 pp., Appleton-Century, \$2.50.) A geographical history of the United States that reads like a novel of pioneer days. There is something of the James Fenimore Cooper touch on these pages. A book for boys and girls, it is also a mature volume for men and women.

*Christianity and Civilization*, by H. G. Hood. (128 pp., Macmillan, \$1.25.) This little book formulates what the author believes to be the main principles which must be followed in the Christian cooperative commonwealth is to be advanced. Significant is his insistence upon the need for a return to the mystical interpretation of Jesus.

*The Primacy of Faith*, by Richard Kroner. (222 pp., Macmillan, \$2.50.) The 1939-1940 Gifford Lectures given at the University of St. Andrews, Scotland. Here is a gripping discussion of the intimate relation between knowledge and faith—with faith lifted to its supreme position. Faith alone can deliver man from evil and bring him to his goal.

*Muskego Boy*, by Edna and Howard Long. (96 pp., Augsburg, \$2.00.) Just about the most delightful book for children that I have read in years. The story of a pioneer Norwegian family sailing the Atlantic, crossing a thousand miles of strange, new land to establish a home in what is now Wisconsin. Simply told, beautifully illustrated—filled with courage and Christian faith. "Muskego Boy" will be a delight to thousands.

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 56

*Spirit of Enterprise*, by Edgar M. Queney. (267 pp., Scribner, \$2.00.) Perhaps the most convincing statement for the case of capitalism and a competitive system that has appeared in a decade. Philosophical and dynamic but without bitterness, and with the proper regard for differing viewpoints. Here is a book that Americans should read. The author appraises and rejects the New Deal, but does not despise all New Dealers.

*Care and Feeding of Children*, by L. Emmett Holt, Jr., M.D. (321 pp., Appleton-Century, \$2.00.) For fifty years, this volume has been the most widely used book ever published in its field. The author, brilliant doctor-son of the original author, edits the new, revised and enlarged edition.

*Humanizing Biblical Religion*, by William Floyd. (276 pp., Arbitrator Press, \$2.00.) The author once wrote a book entitled, "The Mistakes of Jesus." The present volume takes in a lot more territory—almost the whole universe, in fact, and heaven beyond. It discusses much and disproves (?) much that most of us lost interest in before we were out of high school. F.S.M.

*Do You Know Labor?* by James Myers. (239 pp., John Day, \$2.00.) The author knows labor—and capital. He is just and sympathetic toward both, and he writes out of close acquaintance. Invaluable in an hour when John L. Lewis has become as powerful as the President. It tells you what you want to know, without embroidery. F.S.M.

*Twenty-Five Excuses Answered*, by S. A. Nagel. (196 pp., Zondervan, \$1.50.) Highly orthodox and evangelical, "Twenty-Five Excuses" will appeal to the orthodox and the evangelicals, but we think not to those who offer the excuses listed here, those beyond the pale of Holy Church. There is little reasoning in the answers; they lean mostly upon Scripture. F.S.M.

*The Hero in History*, by Sidney Hook. (273 pp., John Day, \$2.50.) A scholar wrote this, tracing meticulously the sweeping forces which create our heroes. It takes the hero apart and shows you how he got that way and what makes him "tick." Especially brilliant is the chapter on "IF in history." A book to be studied, not read. F.S.M.

*The Christ We Know*, by Lars P. Qualben. (169 pp., Thomas Nelson & Sons, \$2.00.) The author affirms that John presents seven vital pictures of Jesus Christ and then concludes that He is absolutely unique. The volume is devotional with a note of authority. Another has said that no one will read here without seeing things in Christ he hitherto had not known.

*Jeeps and Jests*, by Bruce Bairnsfather. (103 pp., Putnam, \$2.00.) This is the global war American re-creation of "Old Bill" and the "better 'ole." Bruce Bairnsfather is the official cartoonist for our new AEF. "Jeeps and Jests" is the pictorial record of the American soldier in Northern Ireland and Africa—and it is some record!

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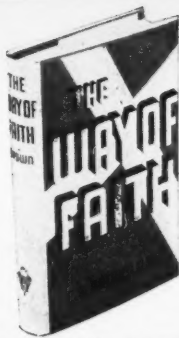
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*Janissa*, by Robert Thomas Newcomb. (385 pp., Destiny Publishers, \$3.00.) The first 200 pages of this remarkable "first" novel have scarcely been equalled since "Ben Hur." And a thrilling, breath-taking story it remains to the last word. Passion, suspense, religious fervor, the power of a vivid romance and the dynamic of a mastering purpose are united in a sweeping prophecy of things to come. If the author, now in the army air force, pursues fiction after the war, in the opinion of this reviewer, he is destined to produce some of the finest historical novels of his literary generation. He gives every promise of reaching the ultimate and guarded heights of greatness. The statement of the publishers that "Janissa" was completed by the author "just before enlisting," gave us the cue to the falling away from the tremendous pace of his earlier chapters—but whatever your theology, you had better not miss this book!

*The Way of Faith*, by Charles Ewing Brown, D.D. (182 pp., The Warner Press, \$1.50.) One of the most practical volumes in the field of Christian experience that I have read in recent years. The illustrative material is particularly fine. Vital, dynamic, "The Way of Faith" will open the door to a surer faith for every reader.

*Picture Story: Life of Christ*, by Elsie E. Egermeier. (302 pp., The Warner Press, \$2.00.) Never has a more beautiful book come into my hands. Captivating for children, the volume will be enjoyed by old as well as young. The illustrations are appropriate and lovely and the questions at the close of each chapter will be especially helpful to parents and teachers. I cannot too highly commend this book.

*Resistance and Reconstruction*, by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. (322 pp., Harper & Bros., \$3.50.) Many regard Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek as the greatest figure of our time. Few will deny him a place in the first quartet of the preeminent men of the century. This volume is the voice of the man. In it the soul of the new world becomes articulate. Few of the messages have been published in America before. This historic volume is particularly gratifying to Christians.

*The Bridge of Heaven*, by S. I. Hsiung. (305 pp., Putnam, \$2.75.) Brilliantly drawn and beautifully written is this Chinese novel. There are times when one has the feeling that he is being laughed at and strangely enough likes it. We shall need to know our China for the days that lie ahead will be crowded with the men and women of the East. This great story will help us understand and give us happiness in the process.

*The Barefoot Mailman*, by Theodore Pratt. (215 pp., Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.50.) An exquisitely beautiful story. Simple, heroic and human, swiftly running as its flood tides and true always to the finest in man.

*So Little Time*, by John P. Marquand. (594 pp., Little, Brown, \$2.75.) Here is a book of many moods and periods—everything from mid-Victorian to the Twentieth Century. It begins in the latter and ends in St. Patrick's Cathedral! As a psychology study, I give it highest rating, but certainly it belongs in no church library. There are times when one exclaims, "How long! How long!" for inevitably there will be a return to the novel that achieves fine writing without indulging in oaths or invoking the triangle.

*The Home Front*, by David Hinshaw. (352 pp., Putnam, \$3.00.) The author of this significant and timely volume is described as "The most useful unknown man in American life." He has written an astute analysis of the encouraging factors and of the dangers of a free government in a total war. His is a fair-minded estimate of our national leaders and of our national program. He has high faith but a deep concern. He has drawn upon all available sources and in his conclusion he faces the imperatives of tomorrow's world.

*God Is My Co-Pilot*, by Col. Robert L. Scott. (277 pp., Scribners, \$2.50.) The "greatest of our pursuit men" writes his own heroic saga—no ghost writer has any part in this thrilling volume. The foreword by General Chennault sets the pace of the tale. Col. Robert L. Scott was the "one man" air force. He believes that God was his co-pilot—but this title should not deceive the reader into believing that the book is a religious tract!

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112 Elm Street, by Henrietta Ripberger. (250 pp., Putnam, \$2.50.) Here is an all-American story, pulsing with human interest and dramatic with that everyday quality that finds itself reflected in the experience of the reader. There is beauty of language and tenderness, but there is strength and real quality on every page. It is too bad that there are a few lines that will be objectionable to many readers.

*Christian Bases of World Order*, The Merrick "Delaware Conference" Lectures, 1943. (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 255 pp., \$2.00.) A most intelligent discussion of what ails us. Twelve leaders who know what they're talking about discuss current religion, politics, social economy, education, foreign relations, health and the race question straight from the shoulder and without apology and give us a book really worth our time. This volume is a liberal education, and fundamentally sound. F.S.M.

*The Peace We Fight For*, by Hiram Motherwell. (Harper, 281 pp., \$3.00.) This reviewer was not quite aware of the destruction and havoc wrought by this war until he read "The Peace We Fight For." The chapters describing this havoc are vivid, if not frightening; it forces upon the reader a realization of the problems that will rise to plague the peace, and it does not create any envy of those peacemakers who must lay the foundations of the new world in the ashes of the old. Divided neatly into sections on "Fragmentation," "Reconstruction," and "Peace," the book is easily "tops" in this sort of analytical and prophetic writing. F.S.M.

*This Was New York*, by Frank Monaghan and Marvin Lowenthal. (Doubleday, Doran, 308 pp., \$2.75.) New York in 1789, with George Washington, muddy streets, stagecoaches, packets, hoopskirts and a Bowery that was uptown. New Yorkers will love it. Not good reading for those who believe that the old days were the good old days. F.S.M.

*Since You Went Away*, by Margaret Buell Wilder. (234 pp., Whittlesey House, \$2.00.) These letters to a soldier from his wife are poignant and beautiful. The word-pictures of home and children might be pictures of yours and mine.

*From Jesus to Paul*, by Joseph Klausner. (610 pp., Macmillan, \$3.50.) Two fundamental questions are faced in this significant volume: one, how was Christianity transferred from a small Jewish sect in Palestine to a great non-Jewish world movement? Second, why did the Jews so violently reject the teachings of Paul, adhering firmly to the Jewish faith? There is adequate historical background for a convincing statement concerning the transformation of Christianity. Paul himself becomes finally an unmistakably conquering personality.

*Beethoven, Life of a Conqueror*, by Emil Ludwig. (348 pp., Putnam, \$3.75.) This single volume is a profound library of human values. It is written in something more than Emil Ludwig's best style—it possesses the fervor of a devotee's admiration for his subject. I regard it as the best of the author's biographies.

PAGE 59 • CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943

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## A TIME FOR GREATNESS

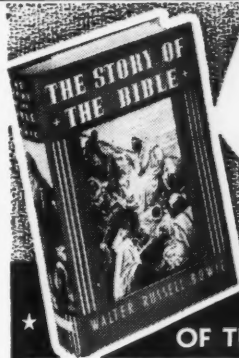
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## SERMON

(Continued from page 55)

then, but look into the eyes, and ask yourself if the same untarnished idealism, the same uncompromising conscience are yours today. Or have you settled down into some easy but ungodly adjustments? Do you take some things for granted which Christ would condemn? Do you wink at evils which once would have shocked you? If so, then beware of the "destruction that wasteth at noonday." When the tall tree is toppled by a sudden storm, then is discovered the decay which had long been working at its center.

This deterioration of the middle years may affect not only the mind and the conscience, but also the heart, the energizing center of life. Middle age sometimes begets a tired heart. We grow weary in well-doing. We begin to wonder whether goodness pays. Our efforts to improve things have been so futile. We have been frustrated at so many points. The heart grows tired. Or we may become fainthearted. We lose our courage. We are no longer aroused by challenges which once would have stirred our blood. Or this "destruction that wasteth at noonday" may be worse than a tired heart or a faint heart. It may even become failure of heart, loss of faith in ourselves, our fellow men and our God.

In the career of the prophet Jeremiah, we see a stage where that noble character became wearied and faint almost to the point of complete failure of heart. He who started out with such high hopes had been cruelly disillusioned by his work in Jerusalem. He had helped to start a reform and now he was growing skeptical of its results. A king had sought his counsel and then had refused to follow it. The overseer of the Temple had him put in the stocks for public exposure and ridicule. The people had acclaimed him and then turned against him. Jeremiah was ready to quit. Then he tells us that he heard the voice of God saying to him, "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with the horses?" Those words were like a dash of cold water in the face of a fainting man. It woke Jeremiah up to see the pettiness of his complaints. It was sort of an Old Testament version of what sometimes we hear today, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

And maybe that is the first stage of the treatment many of us need. If we have allowed our troubles to tire and dishearten us, think what real tragedies others are confronting. Think what the early Christians faced with a smile. Think how life would be if we lived over in France where fifty of us might be picked out any night and shot as hostages for a crime we did not commit. If we have been pitying ourselves, let us stop and think of the blessings even the poorest of us enjoy in this free land of ours.

But while such a spiritual bracer serves to waken a faint heart, it is hardly enough to restore a heart that is failing through loss of faith. The Great Physician knew that. He gave men back their self-respect when they had sinned it away. He gave men back their belief in their fellow men. And most of all he gave men back their faith in God. Are we up against a world

CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943 • PAGE 60

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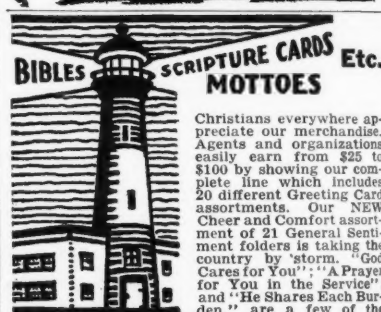
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PAGE 61

that seems too much for us, despite our best efforts? Then listen to Jesus: "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." Are we wearied by the burdens we have been bearing? Then hear his invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me." Christ has the mysterious secret of resting us with a yoke. He cures us with a cross.

I am not asking you to take my word for it that Christ can cure the "destruction that wasteth at noonday." I am asking you to take His yoke and learn of Him. And I am doing it because I believe the middle years are life's most dangerous age. And what shall be said of us, if we of middle age live unprofitable and unworthy lives in a time when youth is being sacrificed to protect us?

#### IF STARS WERE LOAVES

(Continued from page 32)

"Oh, I love my work," she said eagerly. "I'm so glad that I came, Stevie," the old endearing name slipped out without her knowledge. "I made my decision so hurriedly that night your wire came. My guardian angel must have been looking after me!"

"Remember what Grand used to say—'don't dilly-dally, Kate,'" he reminisced. "He's a fine old fellow, and I've often used the philosophy he gave me under the stars." He gently propelled her toward the old maple tree.

"If stars were loaves, beggars would sleep outside," she quoted, looking up into the heavens. I always thought, she added to herself, that Grand had a different interpretation for that. But if Stephen had used that philosophy, how had he strayed from his early ambition?

They sat down in the old rustic chairs and Katherine heard a lone night-bird calling in the woods back of the house. She was thankful for the respite away from Miss Smythe, and away from Bruce Douglas who must be getting ready to play since they heard swift fingers run over the piano keys.

She stiffened as he crashed into the opening strains of "The Tempest." "A musician in the house?" Stephen asked and she thought she detected slight mockery in his tone.

Stephen had changed. Then she laughed softly to herself as the reason for his words struck her. Stephen was jealous of the attention that the new boarder was receiving. Perhaps he thought that the family doted on Douglas. And so they did! And he was a very fine pianist, too, she told herself as the music swelled and ebbed and swelled again.

"Good work!" said Stephen sincerely as the music ended. "Clever fellow that Bruce Douglas."

They heard the jangle of the telephone above the soft tones of "Humoresque" and in another moment, Dianthe was softly calling "Steve" from the door.

"Excuse me, won't you?" he said.

His tall figure moved in silhouetted shadow. Katherine shivered and knew it was getting cooler, and that she needed more warmth than her woolen dress.

She rose and started toward the house. They really must join the others. It

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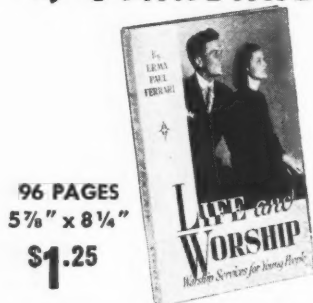
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wasn't exactly right that they should be out here alone—not when Stephen had distinctly asked if he could come and visit with the family, and then Rosalind.

"Kit!" the screen door burst open to discharge an excited Stephen. "It's Father—he said to bring you and come at once. Polio, Kit."

The dread word sprang out at her, leading her heart and buckling her knees. Poliomyelitis!

"An epidemic, Kit! Seven cases reported just now, and we're late getting to them. Patients coming in to the hospital."

Stephen was urging her toward the stairs and the family had come out of the living room and were standing there, with Miss Smythe and the new boarder back of them, in the door. They had understood from the beginning. Susan broke away to go up with her daughter. Dianthe dashed away the tears of disappointment from her blue eyes. And Grand stood shaking his white head.

"Young man," he said, "I want to know why you are rushing Kate away like this. She's only been home an hour."

"Can't help it, Grand," Stephen said, impatiently eyeing the stairs. "We've work at the hospital that will keep us busy most of the night. I'm so sorry. Sorry most for Kitty, for she needs the rest, poor child."

Katherine, coming out of her room, clearly heard the words and rage rose through her like fire sweeping the dry grass of a plain. Poor child! Would he never realize that she was grown up? He probably always thought of her as the red-haired kid from next door! Tonight she would show him that she was a woman grown.

She turned back and kissed her mother as she buttoned the belt of her uniform. She slipped her white cap back on her curls and descended in full dignity, carrying her red-lined cape over her arm and her overnight bag in her hand.

"We'll lick this thing, Kit," Stephen said, helping her into his car. "You see what I mean, don't you, when I say that specializing in spinal surgery isn't everything in life?"

(To be continued)

### THEY CONQUER WITHOUT ARMS

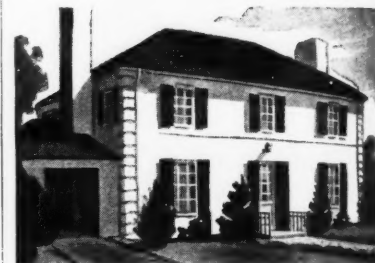
(Continued from page 35)

describing the work of Dr. Gordon Seagrave, one of the real pioneers of this generation. And you will be reading "The Story of Dr. Wassell," by James Hilton. When a man like Hilton takes time out to write about a man like Wassell—well, that is news. Wassell was a missionary doctor from our midwest, serving in China; he was caught by the Japanese invasion in Java and became a hero overnight in his work with wounded American soldiers. Some people marveled at him—but they wouldn't have marveled had they known he had been doing exactly the same kind of work for the Chinese, for years.

President Roosevelt mentioned Dr. Wassell in a national broadcast, saying that with the wounded boy, the medico was "almost a Christian shepherd, devoted to his flock." That was well put. This lone doctor got twelve wounded



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boys to safety and the seacoast, displaying a brand of courage the world will envy when the world reads this story.

On the little Dutch boat that took this party of Americans to Australia, Wassell watched a strange courtship. McGuffey, a ne'er-do-well sailor, became engaged to a little refugee girl; when the doctor jocularly warned her about McGuffey's character, she said: "I was the last woman out of Sumatra. I walked two hundred miles through the jungle and I was nearly killed by wild elephants. But I kept on till I got to the coast, and then I persuaded a native boy to take me in a small boat. The Japanese fired on us and sank the boat, but I managed to swim ashore on Java. Six weeks the whole journey took, and all kinds of people helped me—Dutch, English, native—but somehow I didn't meet any Americans till I came aboard this ship. And then—believe me—I felt I could love the worst American



## The Answer

Lord teach me how to free my soul  
From all the tentacles of earth,  
That twine and clutch and take their toll  
Of time, the essence of life's worth;  
Leaving behind an empty train  
Of scattered moments, wrested free  
From earth's demands that must sustain  
My soul. What vision must I see  
To feel once more my spirit's fire  
Surmount the press of earth's desire.

This is ordained and must be learned:  
The Cross is symbol of life's goal;  
Freedom of spirit must be earned  
If thou would'st truly find thy soul.  
View not earth's contacts with disdain,  
The spirit's fire can only grow  
Through service without thought of gain.  
What thou would'st reap, that thou must sow.  
Seek for a brother's cross to bear,  
Thou'lt find the answer to thy prayer.  
—J. Rea Patterson



sailor in the world. . . I guess I really don't know what I'm saying. I'm a missionary."

Missionaries are like that—gentle, understanding, forever looking for the best in people, not the worst. They've brought out the best in the worst people in the world; that's their business, and they've made a good job of it. So good that all the rest of us might say with this same Dr. Wassell, as he looks at the little lady: "I take off my hat to the missionaries, and if any young man I knew felt that he had a call that way I'd say, 'On top to you, my lad, you join 'em—they're the salt of the earth.'"

Salt is one word for it; the other is hope of the world.

PAGE 63 • CHRISTIAN HERALD SEPT. 1943

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# After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



## In the Dark

Kitty—Frances has had her hair dyed black, but don't say I told you.

Mabel—Why?

Kitty—She wants to keep it dark.

—Lookout.

## Precaution

Jackson—I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car the other day.

Hackson—Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand.

—Hancock Co-operator.

## Tried Hard

A girl met an old flame who had turned her down, and decided to high-hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced him to her, "I didn't get your name."

"I know you didn't," replied the ex-boy friend, "but you certainly tried hard enough."

—Watchword.

## Shorthand

The top sergeant lined up the draftees. "Any of you boys know anything about shorthand?"

Seven eager volunteers, having expected a worse job, put up their hands.

"O. K. Report to the kitchen. Cook's shorthanded on dishwashers."

—Lookout.

## Music Hath Charms

"Gentlemen," stated the portly member of the study club, "I now firmly believe in dreams, in their reality and power of prophecy. Last night while sound asleep I dreamed that I was at a concert, and when I awoke I was at a concert."

—Exchange.

## Pretty Hard

First Guest—Say, those cakes Mrs. Jones made certainly were hard.

Second Guest—I'll say they were. Maybe that's why she said, "Take your pick," when she passed them around.

—Watchword.

## Economy

Joe: "I suppose your wife is economizing now, to aid the war effort?"

Jake: "I'll say. Look at the clothes she makes me wear."

—Brooklyn Central.

## Smart

After Danny had gone to Sunday school for the first time, his father asked how he liked his teacher.

"All right," was the reply.

"Is your teacher smart?" persisted the questioner.

"Well, she does know more than I do," admitted Danny.

—Exchange.

## Secret

Out of curiosity, a farmer had grown a crop of flax and had a tablecloth made out of the linen. Sometime later he bragged about it to a woman guest at dinner.

"I grew this tablecloth myself," he said.

"Did you really?" she exclaimed. "How did you ever manage it?"

It was plain she had no idea of how tablecloths come into being, so he lowered his voice mysteriously as he replied, "I'll tell you."

The guest promised.

"Well," proceeded the farmer, "I planted a napkin!"

—Exchange.

## Long Time

Elsie: "My grandpa has reached the age of ninety-six. Isn't it wonderful?"

Bobby: "Wonderful nothin'! Look at the time it's taken him to do it."

—Christian Observer.

## Flattering

Doctor: "Hm-m. You certainly have acute tonsillitis."

Bette: "Oh, doctor, you flatter me."

—Exchange.

## Like Father . . .

"Dad, do you remember the story you told me about the time you were expelled from school?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't it funny the way history repeats itself?"

—Protestant Voice.

## Unpopular

"Two men are outside," some one reported to the manager of the ball team.

"Want passes. Say they're friends of the umpire."

"Throw 'em out," said the manager.

"No umpire's got two friends."

—Christian Union Herald.

## Polite

The absent-minded professor walked into the village barber shop, sat down in the chair, and requested a haircut.

"Certainly, Sir," said the barber.

"Would you mind taking off your hat?"

The professor hurriedly complied. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "I didn't know there were ladies present."

—The Watchman-Examiner.

## A Meaty Case

In a New York court, "Action by one Bologna against one Weiner to compel specific performance of contract" elicited this from the judge: "I never sausage a case."

—The Reader's Digest.

## Poor Shot

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse. "This here boy's arter larnin," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare?" "My department, sir," replied the professor, "consists of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry."

"That'll do," interrupted the old man, "load him up with triggernometry, he's the only poor shot in the family."

—Atlanta Constitution.

## Cross Words

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to the library, sir," she said.

"And why to the library, pretty maid?"

"To look up the name of a Zulu chieftain of the eighteenth century whose name had six letters and ended in 'zf,'" she said.

—Lookout.

## Pigs

"Ye've worked hard and willingly for me, Pat," said the farmer to his old employee, "and I'm going to give ye that fat pig."

"May heaven bless ye, sorr," said Pat; "it's just like ye."

—Watchword.

## He Rang the Bell

A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach the doorbell. He rang the bell for him, then said, "What now, my little man?"

"Run like blazes," said the little boy, "that's what I'm going to do."

—Exchange.

## Sure Cure

"Your wife used to be terribly nervous. Now she's as cool and composed as a cucumber. What cured her?"

"The doctor did. He told her that her kind of nervousness was the natural result of advancing age."

—Mentholology.

## Polar Bear

A Frenchman, struggling with the English language, turned to an American friend for counsel:

"What," he asked, "is a polar bear?"

"Polar bear? Why he lives 'way up north."

"But what do he do?"

"Oh, he sits on a cake of ice and eats fish."

"Zat settle! I will not accept!"

"What in the world do you mean, you won't accept?"

"Ah," explained the other, "I was invite to be a polar bear at a funeral, and I will not accept."

—Watchword.

## Good Object

Teacher—Give me a sentence with an object.

Boy—Teacher, you are very beautiful.

Teacher—What is the object?

Boy—A good mark.

—Exchange.

# Zero hour



**CAN THIS BE YOU** glued to your bed . . . wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours . . .

You've dreamed how it would be . . . you, proud and sure of yourself . . . dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room" that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl . . . your own special idea!

But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on these days . . . why can't you?

Then in bursts your forgotten house-guest . . . and you pour out your woes. "Looking for sympathy?" she asks. "That won't help . . . but Kotex sanitary napkins *will*! Because they're more comfortable" . . .

## Rise and Shine!

That's how you learned that Comfort and Confidence and Kotex go together!

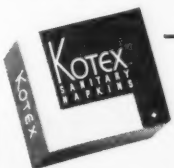
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**Keep Going in Comfort**  
— *with Kotex!*



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